National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ..... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

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Pro-Slavery.

ABOLITIONISM IN THE ASCENDANT.

WE have come to the sad conclusion that the fell spirit of Abolitionism, so long held at bay by the Union-loving men of the North; so long beaten back by the Herculean blows of Calhoun, Clay, and Webster, is recovering from its late discomfiture, and preparing to renew its assault with a malignant hostility only made more intense by temporary defeat. The signs of the times indicate that "we have scotched the snake, not killed it."

To begin at home, in our own city—we find that the most rampant and incendiary organization of Abolitionists have been permitted to return, bringing with them seven other devils more wicked than the first. During the past week they have been allowed to hold, unmolested, their annual orgies in our midst; and to openly blaspheme all that is sacred in our insititutions; and to malign the memory of our most venerated dead. These orators of hell, whose flaming tongues would light the torch of servile rebellion, have revelled in the foulest abuse of Webster and Clay, and Gardiner Spring, names sacred to every patriot, and to every Christian heart. One of the speakers paints what he calls "the portraits" of these great and honoured men—giving to each the lineaments of a fiend, and then exclaims: "I am not to blame for making them thus! I did not make Daniel Webster the 'great defender' of dealers in human flesh and blood!" And the heartless rabble of party-coloured fanatics shamelessly applaud the profane and crazy-headed babbler.

Again, as a fit accompaniment to the insane speeches at the "Chinese Rooms," we have had a specimen of Abolition tactics, in an attempt, first to steal a little negro girl, and then, when her Mistress told them the child was free and had been free from infancy, the vindictive Tappans insist upon sending the woman, the protector of the child, to the State Prison for ten years! We quote from the very humane words of the notorious Lewis Tappan:

"I have spoken with this Mrs. Porter, or Cooper, and she says that the child does not belong to Mr. Trainor lawfully—that it was her property, but is now free, and remains freely with her. She would now give the child to me, but I do not want it, 'as I wish to have her punished in the State Prison ten years.' The bail demanded was very small, and only for my exertion she would pay the three or four hundred dollars and go away. A member of the police office told me that many fine-looking, respectable men came to visit her when under arrest. She has plenty of friends, and although she resides in Mercer street, the pro-slavery press of New York have taken up the matter, and represent the child as not being kidnapped at all, the woman having given it its freedom."

This hue-and-cry about the negro child was evidently got up to add dramatic effect to the farce enacted at the "Chinese Rooms," in which Fred. Douglass, Henry Ward Beecher, Lucy Stone (the pet of the *Tribune*), George Downing the oyster man, and Garrison, Quincy and Phillips, were the prominent performers.

As a sample of Abolition sentiment, we must ask pardon for defiling our columns with a very few extracts. Garrison, the Chairman of the meeting, exclaims:

"Where is John C. Calhoun? Where is Henry Clay? Where is Daniel Webster? All gone to decay, and we are here with our songs of victory."

Edmund Quincy characterized the Southern planters as "a base and contemptible aristocracy of whips and chains, a species of vermin, which, he thought, ought to be exterminated, by bringing to bear upon it such a force of public sentiment that it could exist no longer." "If we are to have an aristocracy," said he, "I prefer an aristocracy of gentlemen." Miss Lucy Stone, the notorious Amazon, dirtied her lips by describing gentlemen from the South as "gory with the blood of slaves." Wendell Phillips did not condescend to throw his mud at a less shining mark than Washington. He said:

"May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth before I call it a glorious Union. Two adjectives distinguish them (the free soilers) from us. With them the Union is glorious—*with us it is accursed.* With them the character of Washington is heroic; and *with me I dare not thank God for giving him to us.* Do you suppose that the brutal slaveholder could ever have sustained Slavery in this country till the year 1858? Do you suppose that profligate priests could have dragged Slavery behind the altar? No. She would have sunk a hissing and a shame, were it not that she hid herself behind the great proportions of Washington's name."

And all this infamous slang was tolerated in the Metropolis of the Union, in open day; and in a Broadway Hall, formerly considered respectable. The assembly, we are told, was as large as the room could hold, and no rotten eggs were introduced! The only marks of disapprobation were now and then a few hisses from the reporters who sat in restless torture at their task. We marvel at, while we commend, the forbearance of our law and order loving citizens. Let there be unlimited freedom of speech; but let the men be marked who abuse it. The "Chinese Assembly Rooms" will hereafter be looked upon in the light, or rather the darkness, of a nuisance.

But the recent triumph of the Abolitionists in again obtaining foot-hold in New York is not the most alarming or significant evidence of a deep-seated determination, among all shades of Anti-Slavery men, to renew hostilities, and to "carry the war into Africa." The patronage of Mrs. Stowe in England, by Lord Mayors and Duchesses, by both the nobility and the snobility of the most aristocratic people on earth, has flattered the Abolitionists into a feeling of self-consequence, breaking out into over-bearing insolence that can hardly fail sooner or later to lead to open violence, rebellion and bloodshed. Every old woman in breeches or petticoats who prates about the horrors of Slavery appropriates to herself a portion of the glory showered upon the authoress of "Uncle Tom." Abolition men and maids of all complexions are rushing over to England, expecting to be dragged into notice by clinging to the skirts of Mrs. Stowe. They, too, hope to get a smile and a dinner from the Duchess of Sutherland; and to come home big with the compliments and fat things picked up at Lord Mayors' tables. Surely the star of Abolitionism is in the ascendent; and sympathy for niggers is the ruling passion of the hour. Nothing is heard to-day in England but the clink of African chains. The groans of the dying white man, slaughtered in battle for British dominion; the sobs of the starving needle-woman, wasting to a skeleton in the foul atmosphere of a London garret; the uncovered corpses of famished Irishmen, rotting in their own pestilential bogs, cannot excite a throb of sympathy from the heart of England, just now captivated by the Uncle Tom romance; and all absorbed in its worship of the Ebony Image.

But we ground our fears of abolition progress upon causes and dangers more vital and imminent than those we have suggested. The nigger furore in England is but the fleeting fashion of an hour. Its influence will be felt there—among the mines of Cornwall and the manufactories of Manchester, before it reaches here. Our peril comes from other quarters; the danger to our institutions lies nearer the heart of the nation. It is not the moral madness of the Abolitionists that we have to fear; nor the popular applause bestowed upon the coloured heroes and heroines of Abolition fiction. We regard these causes as mere transitory fluctuations of public sentiment; and the ebb of the tide is always in proportion to its flood. These noisy but incoherent waves dash against the rocky foundations of our Union—break into brilliant foam, and harmlessly retire. It is from POLITICAL SOURCES ONLY that the fatal calamity of DISSOLUTION can come.

And what are the signs of the times—what are the portents of the political horison, scanned by the lights and bearings of the present Administration. How stands the horoscope at Washington? With the election of President Pierce, the people looked for the inauguration of a great UNION PARTY—for the prompt repudiation and utter annihilation of all antagonists to such a glorious Party, under whatever name they might be disguised. Thousands of Union Whigs opposed the election of General Scott, because they feared the influence of Anti-Union men, who might obtain power under his administration. These men went for Webster, until their great luminary sunk below the dark horizon at Marshfield; and then, either voted for Pierce for his avowed Unionism, or did not vote at all. To this class of men General Scott owes his defeat, and General Pierce his election. Have our hopes and expectations of the new era that was to dawn with the new Administration been entirely fulfilled? Decidedly not. The "Inaugural Address" of the President promised all that the most sanguine Union man could desire. It endorsed the Compromise in general, and the Fugitive Slave Law in particular, to the fullest extent, and in the most emphatic manner. And what followed? A Cabinet composed of a prominent Barnburner on one side, and a leading Secessionist on the other! And what follows the initial act of the new Government? The Free-Soilers, Barnburners, Soft-Shells, or by whatever other *alias* the New York Abolitionists seek to veil themselves, are evidently in the ascendant. Prince John Van Buren, the hero of the Buffalo platform—who played the part of Brutus to the Cæsar of General Cass in the drama of 1848, is among the first to dine at the White House, among the first to secure the appointment of his candidate! In the language of the turf, the Hunkers here in New York are literally "nowhere."

It is this which has strengthened the hands and the hopes of the Abolitionists—this marked complaisance to notorious Free-Soilers, Abolitionists in disguise, that has revived the Anti-Slavery sentiment at the North, and emboldened its leaders to raise money, establish newspapers, circulate pamphlets, and re-organize all their infernal machinery for the overthrow of the Union. The Abolition press is the best supported press in the country. Take the *Era* of Washington, the *Tribune*, *Post*, and *Independent* of this city—what with enormous subscriptions, and abundant advertising, they grow and spread like weeds in a dung-hill. Even some of our own distinguished "Union men," who have been loudest in their professions of devotion to the great cause, find no conscientious scruples against feeding with their patronage the Abolition press, while they pour into the ears of "Silver Grey" and Hunker editors their fulsome puffs of empty praise.

A few weeks ago, in consequence of some severe strictures, which appeared in the columns of the *Mirror*, against the Abolition fanatics, one of our advertising subscribers withdrew his subscription; and we gave him the benefit of his "devotion to principle" by publishing his note to the editor. Since then, almost every mail from the South has brought us *empty* letters of thanks, compliments, admiration, &c., &c., for the independent stand taken by the *Mirror* on the Anti-Slavery question. Had the case been reversed; had the *Mirror* sympathized with some brutal slave who had murdered his master, or mistress, to such an extent as to have offended some Southern subscriber, fifty Abolitionists would have rushed forward to take his place. We give this fact, merely in evidence of the earnestness of Fanaticism to accomplish its work; and as one of the straws that show which way the wind blows. In view of the foregone argument, we are inevitably forced to the conclusion that the spirit of Abolitionism at the North is again decidedly in the ascendant.

That President Pierce is a thorough-going Union man, we still confidently believe; but thus far, there have been influences at work in Washington which have placed the Free-Soilers in a position that has not only encouraged them, but stimulated the Abolitionists to greater exertions, and fired them with a madder zeal. We look to see this rampant spirit of darkness promptly and signally rebuked.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

THAT ABOLITIONISM is recovering from the heavy blow struck at it, both in the Whig and Democratic Baltimore Conventions, we have not a doubt, as an evening contemporary intimates; and that it is about to present a formidable front in the moral and political field, we feel sure. The signs of the times all about us indicate this fact. The men that sustained the Compromise Bill passed in Congress in 1850, and so saved the Union from intestine strife, are struck down both North and South. President Pierce, in the South, favours Secessionists for office, and, in the North, Free Soilers and Abolitionists; and the consequence is, especially in the North, an increase and a fervour on the part of these Abolitionists the like of which we have not seen before for some years. If it goes on, we have no hesitation in saying no Northern public man can stand against it; and we shall soon have here just such scenes as we had from 1844 to 1850, when everybody who did not echo the war cry against our Southern countrymen was struck down and annihilated.

The speeches of Wendell Phillips, Garrison, Miss Lucy Stone, Frederick Douglass, and others, which we have been reporting in our columns, are *not* the mere ravings of madmen and madwomen, as some of our contemporaries intimate, but the expressions of large classes of society. It is very true that these people shoot beyond the present public sentiment, but not more beyond than others do who lead in what are called "great reforms." These men and women are but the trumpets that others blow, who have not the moral courage to say what they say, but who feel it all. Others, who do not go so far in public, reason yet that Slavery is a sin against God and man, and consequently a crime; and the first religious impulse of every man is, without regard to consequences, to resist sin, especially a sin against God, and to abolish crime. The admission of sin and criminality brings as a necessary sequence such indignant speeches as those of Wendell Phillips, such invectives as those of Frederick Douglass, and such logic as that of Miss Lucy Stone. It is a very great mistake, then, to suppose that such people do not exert a powerful influence on the community, especially over the agricultural community, which seldom or never comes in contact with the South as it is, and which knows it only through the misrepresentations of such world-wide read books as Mr. Stowe's.

It will be some time, to be sure, before the remembrances of 1850 can be obliterated, and before the community can be worked up to such dangerous agitation as existed from 1844 to 1850; but statements, speeches, arguments, such as these Abolitionists constantly put unanswered, will have their effect, more especially when it is seen that the support of such people and such men but entitles politicians to favour from President Pierce and his administration. It is very true that President Pierce was elected upon Compromise Constitutional principles, and that in his Inaugural he pledged himself to maintain them; but the sort of maintenance he gives is fatal to all his Hunker brethern in the North. If a man in the South can have used all his efforts to break up the Union, and then be paid in office therefore, or in the North nullify and make odious the Laws, and then receive his reward, the precedent established is such that even the boldest man will hesitate in the trying time to face the tempestous passions and prejudices of his section, to do justice to the Constitution and to the Union.

In 1820, when the Missouri Compromise was passed, which converted for the North territory, under the laws of Louisiana, slave into free territory north of 36 30, almost every public man in the North who secured that free territory for his section was struck down and politically annhilated, notwithstanding the general outcry that followed against the South. The fatal effect of this bit of history prevented the passage of the Compromise Bills in Congress for months, when there was as large a majority for them, on a *silent-vote*, as there was after they were passed. President Pierce is, for his Hunker brethern in the North, re-enacting the like fatal remembrance of the Missouri Compromise. He has already successfully crippled, if not quite killed off, that portion of the Democratic party in New York which aided in the passage of the Compromise Bills. Even in this great commercial city, which better personifies and represents in its mixed and mingled population the whole Union than any other part of it, Tammany Hall, the head quarters of the Democracy, has been put, by the distribution of President Pierce's patronage, into the hands of the men who, in 1850, went for Van Buren, Free Soil, and the Buffalo Platform.

There is a growing impression, too, in the North—and we confess that we participate in it—that the Southern Democratic politicians but use the sectional pro-slavery cry there only to win their section over to Democracy; and the consequence is, indifference to such speakers as Fred. Douglass, Miss Lucy Stone, and Wendell Phillips, and their denunciations. We see President Pierce taking one of the very *planks* of the Buffalo Platform, and even anxious to put it in his Cabinet, and we see Southern U. S. Democratic Senators *approving* it; the very Southern Senators who made such an outcry when Gen. Scott, a Southern man, was nominated by the Northern Whigs for the Presidency, because he had such support as Gov. Seward's! Southern men who act thus, we see and feel, are but political jugglers, and use their disgrace for their jugglery. This hypocrisy disgusts all of the North who recognise the Constitutional rights of the South, and our consequent Constitutional obligations. We feel a contempt and indignation for such jugglers that cannot be decorously put in type. If a slave be only an instrument to make Southern Democrats of, we are all Anti-Slavery—all Abolition. If Southern Democracy is traitorous to its Northern associates, we scorn the traitors, though we suffer not by the treason. Reflections such as these allow vent and give circulation and importance to such Anti-Slavery exhibitions as have had a peaceful hearing here the past week. Events will show, within a year, that the Abolitionists have more money, more power, more men and means, than they have had since 1844; and this mainly because President Pierce, though disclaiming their principles, has taken them under the fostering wing of the government. Presidents, as monarchs, give tone to society. What is popular at court soon becomes popular everywhere. —*New York Morning Express.*

QUEER DOINGS OF THE A. S. SOCIETIES —ABOLITIONISM STILL RAMPANT.

WE published yesterday the proceedings in full of the anniversary meeting, on Wednesday evening last, at the Chinese Assembly rooms, of the American Anti-Slavery Society; and we give to the four winds of heaven this morning the queer doings at the meeting yesterday, in the Tabernacle, of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.

There were about the usual proportions of treason, fanaticism, mock philanthropy, and disappointed malice, in the speeches of Wednesday, delivered by Lloyd Garrison, Edmund Quincy, Lucy Stone, Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, and Frederick Douglass. The only light, however, thrown upon the future intentions of this Society is, that their first object is to break up the American Union; their second object is to break down and reconstruct the American churches, and then they are to follow up these achievements with the immediate and absolute abolition of Slavery all over the South. But, in the meantime, it is very evident that their underground railroads to Canada will be kept in full operation, and that every device and stratagem they can devise for reviving again the late sectional agitation of the Slavery question will be resorted to. In a word, there is to be no peace with slaveholders—no compromise, no armistice—nothing but continued war without quarter, till Slavery shall have been extinguished, amid that sort of blood and carnage which exterminated the whites in St. Domingo.

But if the meeting at the Chinese Assembly Rooms was characterized by black sedition, dismal fanaticism, and the woman's rights trumpery of Garrison and Lucy Stone, the second and more comprehensive gathering at the Tabernacle, embracing the foreign department of the general abolition movement, was enlivened by some incidents of a very peculiar and amusing kind. It is well known that one of the heroes of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a good-looking, interesting mulatto fellow, of the name of George Harris, and that, for lack of some better place of refuge, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe finally locates him, safe and sound in wind and limb, in Liberia. Now, as will be seen from our report of the white and black gathering at the Tabernacle, this very thing of transporting George Harris to Liberia was a serious blunder on the part of the benevolent female historian of Uncle Tom. The Reverend Mr. Ray, a coloured clergyman, and the Reverend George K. Downing, F. R. S., so justly celebrated for his famous oysters, Fried, Roasted and Stewed, and who rendered himself very popular at Newport last summer for his skilful evasions of the Maine Liquor Law, both protested against the removal of Harris to the coloured republic of Africa. It was not the thing. It was pandering to the slaveholders' darling idea of colonisation, while it so happens that the native coloured Americans have no particular fancy for the coast of Africa. Indeed, many of them would rather live here in the United States as bootblacks, whitewashers and woodsawers, than be members of Congress in Liberia. And they are not going to go. And such are the sentiments of the Rev. Mr. Ray and Judge Downing, for there is no better judge of a good oyster, than he. And so they protested against the colonising of George Harris in the African republic of Liberia.

Fortunately for Mrs. Stowe, the Rev. Mr. Bacon (white man), her private secretary, happened to be on hand, and explained, in her behalf, that she had located George Harris in Africa somewhat accidentally—that if it was to do over again, she would take him to some other place—that she was not an advocate of the policy of shipping off the free coloured Americans to Liberia at all, but dead against it. And this explanation, together with a letter read by Arthur Tappan, seemed to be perfectly satisfactory to the Rev. Mr. Ray and Professor Downing—for he is a professor in the art of cooking oysters in every style, and deserves his title.

The conclusion of the proceedings at the Tabernacle meeting were of a practical character, in view of the cause. They voted the collection of forty thousand dollars to aid in the revival of the Slavery agitation all over the country, in speeches, pamphlets, books, &c. From all of which, including both meetings, the people of the South will understand that the great battle against their Northern enemies has yet to be fought. There is anything but peace yet upon the Slavery question.—*Herald.*

WHAT IS WANTED.

THE Anti Slavery or Abolition people, it will have been seen by our copious reports, do not only demand the entire and utter Abolition of Slavery in the Southern States, but this matter, indeed, seems secondary; their claim, in fact, being for Equality and Fraternity, as well as for universal Liberty. This French Democratic cry of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, is their cry; and the readers of the speeches that have been reported in the *Express*, fairly and as fully as our columns would admit, will see this to be so. It is the burthen of Frederick Douglass' eloquence, and it is what Smith and Pennington ask for—no more, no less. They complain that, living, they are huddled here in this Northern land of liberty into all sorts of bye-places and holes, excluded from cars and conveyances, and kept from the white public schools and churches; and dying, are buried in the dark, dank corners of graveyards. They appreciate the great fact we have so often stated in our columns, that in being rescued from Southern *chattel* Slavery, they are condemned to a Northern *social* Slavery, galling to the mind and the body, and degrading both mind and body to the very level of chattel Slavery itself. Their demand, hence, is earnest for Equality and Fraternity, as well as for Liberty.

And their demand is a rational one, and a just one wherever it is conceded that the white race and the black race can live together under the same government, in the same orders of society. To knock off the chains of chattel Slavery but to convert a man to social Slavery, is only nominal Liberty; and indeed Liberty itself is worth but little when it does not uphold the principle of Equality, and even the encouragement of Fraternisation. The true French Democrat is consistent in going for all three. To fraternise with the blacks is, then, our duty, if we take them away from a country where social liberty exists for them to an extent far greater than it does in these Northern States; and thus this, in Abolition estimation, becomes the great question of the day. Are we ready for it? Let Abolitionists progressively answer. Let them begin with admitting negroes freely into their families; to intermarry with their daughters; to associate with their children; to study with them in schools; to labour with them in workshops; to worship with them in their churches, &c., &c., &c.; for this is the Equality and Fraternity that are demanded, and without which Liberty is but a curse in awakening them only to a sense of their social degradation. Until this social amalgamation so desired take place, the free negro must be, and so all his Abolition upholders, the natural enemy of a government which considers him, even when nominally free, only a social slave.

Amalgamation, Equality, and Fraternity between whites and blacks, however, is no new experiment. We have not to try it to know what would be its effects, for it has been already tried and demonstrated. The experiment is going on in Jamaica now, and the whites are abandoning the island, as fast as they can afford to do it, to the blacks. Jamaica is slowly becoming a Hayti, and in not many years will be wholly black and mulatto: for the white man there prefers expatriation to Equality and Fraternity. The experiment is carried out in Mexico, in Central America, and other Spanish American States. What Mexico is, made up of amalgamated whites, blacks, mulattoes, quadroons, mestizzoes, Indians, &c., we see, and mournfully see. There is not only not enough of *manhood* left among the people to protect themselves from foreign invasion and domestic tyranny, but not enough to protect them even from the Indians, armed with but little else than bow and arrows. Nearly whole States of Mexico are overrun by these Indians, not amalgamated with the Mexicans. Sonora is depopulated in many parts. Chihuahua is overrun, and the Mexican flies in affright at the very coming of the Indian. The unnatural, the ungodly amalgamation of races has reduced the descendants of the chivalry of Old Spain to this utter degradation. The people in a good degree learn the savage, and the savage is recovering the soil Cortez and his Castilians conquered from them.

The British race alone has preserved itself in America from all amalgamation, and the consequence is, its vast superiority here over the descendants of any other European nation. We are of the same spirit, the same flesh and blood as were our ancestors, who rescued our soil from the savage, and we have kept so by declining all amalgamation with African or Indian. The Spanish, Portuguese, and French races that have gone into this amalgamation now, desired by the Abolition orators here, show us such a people as the Buenos Ayreans, Central Americans, Brazilians, and French half-breeds. Alas for the Anglo-Saxon race in America, if we are ever tempted to imitate their example!

As a sign of the times, it may be noted that the Albany *Evening Journal* copies the two-columned speech of Frederick Douglass with the indorsement that—

"It will richly repay all who read it, for it is a speech of surpassing power and eloquence."

—*New York Morning Express.*

ABOLITION AND ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETIES.

A GOOD deal of confusion vexes the public as to the distinctive characters of the two Anti-Slavery Societies that held their Anniversaries yesterday. Agreeing essentially in very many things they do not by any means enjoy each other's heartiest good wishes, nor fancy being confounded.

The "American Anti-Slavery Society," which held its meetings in the Chinese Assembly Rooms, is the old parent society, with whose history William Lloyd Garrison has always been identified. In the old times, that is in 1835,-6,-7 and so forth, it enjoyed the monopoly of all the mobbings that forced the subject of Abolition into notice and fanned it to a flame. But it grew unmanageable with its surfeits of mobbing and abuse, and, in 1839, it took so heavy a freight of non-resistance, Woman's Rights, Sabbath, Church and Clergy denunciation on board, that the cooler portion found it necessary to get into another boat or all go down together. These seceders, under the lead of Lewis Tappan and men of that stamp, withdrew and formed the "American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society," which Society, from its formation, we believe, has had its Anniversaries in this City, while the other, since the Rynders row a few years ago, has met in Syracuse until now.

The Garrison men seem willing to be called Abolitionists, and never shrink from the responsibility of their history. Their organ is the *Standard*. They deprecate political action. Whether or not they do it on their old ground of opposition to human Governments, we are not informed. The "American and Foreign" members prefer to be known as "Anti-Slavery" men, and do not court the odium of the others' name. When the other Society is not about, they are radical enough in all conscience; but when the Garrisonians are in town, they suffer an eclipse. Their meetings seem tame, their speeches guarded, and their resolutions moderate. At the public meetings of the Garrisonians, May, Burleigh, Wendell Phillips, Fred. Douglass, Abby, Kelley Foster, and Lucy Stone, are prominent and favourite speakers. A digression in favour of Bloomerism, a thrust at the Church, a broadside into the Clergy, an appeal for Disunion, a rant about the iniquity of voting, or even a sturdy attack upon the "Slaveholder, George Washington," would not be out of order. The speakers never carry weight; they are rousing engines, without trains attached. They fire up and dash of at their own sweet wills. Collisions are in their line. Plunging against stone walls and immoveable abutments, is down in the bill, and must not be wondered at. Hence their meetings are always full of interest, and very thickly attended.

The other Society seems to work for the sake of the cause, and less for the sake of reforming. They enjoy the same speakers who are more at home in the other wigman. They preach the same doctrine, so far as Slavery is concerned, but they omit some of the cant and the unctious twang. When the steam is up they go it with a rush, but they like to have the draws down, and would deign to break up if they saw a rock on the track. They both own stock in the underground railroad, and make no bones for drumming up passengers for it. They are droll, earnest, amusing company, view them from any point, but the down-Easters, the Garrisonians, the "American Anti-Slavery" people are a little the drollest. To look at them when in a business meeting, where blacks and whites, men, women and Bloomers are mingled together on an equal footing, to see the delicate tender-looking women, the withered Junos, the tough, husky sun-burnt, thin-faced subjects, who look as if each one had his own idea, with which each muscle of his body was thoroughly saturated, and in it pickled, the only smooth, subtle, mild, gently-worded men, keen as razors, and of extraordinary temper, to see the bearded ones, beards flaming red, hanging down to the breast, with unbarbered long hair hanging in curls or in unwaving lines, Quakers in broad-brims, and Quakeresses with their knitting work in hand, to see them as they are always to be seen on such ocassions is worth a trip from Key West to New York on horseback. Such incarnations of so many and such impracticable reforms we do not anywhere else see together; and, so long as people are wise, they will let them hurl their harmless thunders and enjoy the spectacle. If our Southereners have any fears from the organized Abolitionists, this is not the Society they need to watch. The "American and Foreign" is a working institution, of business like habits. They are the ones that claim the Mrs. Stowes, and are busy pulling at the rusty links about the *Uncle Toms*. What tools they are labouring with, what success rewards their labours, and how they feel about it, may be seen in the abstract of yesterday's proceedings, as elsewhere set down by our diligent Reporters. —*New York Times.*

Selections.

REPLY OF HON. HORACE MANN TO WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ

WEST NEWTON, May 9th, 1853.

WM. L. GARRISON, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* In a brief editorial (which had nearly escaped my notice), you announce the receipt of a letter from Mr. Phillips, intimating 'his intention of making no farther replication to anything Mr. Mann may write.' On looking back (after reading your announcement) to the closing paragraphs of his last letter, it becomes self-evident that he had intended it to be his last, but left you to say so, that he might escape from the controversy he had provoked with me, without the decencies of a parting salutation. What a striking contrast between the imperious front with which he strode forward to attack me and this surreptitious retirement!

As Mr. Phillips has now, formally (though by proxy), withdrawn from the arena he so proudly entered, I shall reply to his last letter with more forbearance than it would otherwise not merely justify, but demand. Indeed, I will endeavour to say nothing to which any judicious friend of his could desire him to reply, even if he were not under his present *two-fold* disability.

In looking back to the charges against me, made in his speech of January last, and comparing them with his last letter, I believe there is not a trace of identity or similarity between the two. His accusations and imputations have been changed from one to another all the way—as one was confuted, others being substituted for it—until, long ago, the descendants not only lost all family resemblance to the ancestors, but were entirely of a different species. But I proceed to the letter.

I. Mr. Phillips denies that he represented the Blind Institution as a 'private institution.' He only said that 'the meetings and records of the Trustees were private.' Now, let me ask a simple question of any lawyer or judge: Do not the Trustees, with their meetings and records; appointing Director, Treasurer and other officers; enacting by-laws; prescribing rules for the admission of pupils, &c &c. &c.—do not these; *in a legal sense*, constitute the Blind Institution? They are not the pupils, nor the provisions that sustain, nor the apparatus that instructs them; but they are the administrators of all. They are, in a legal sense, the Blind Institution. So much for his charge of misrepresentation.

Now, as to his allegation about privacy, I reply that the 'meetings and records of the Trustees' are not 'private,' and never were. Four of the Trustees are appointed by the State. They represent the State at every meeting; just as much as the House of Representatives represent the towns in the General Court. And further; any person, at any time, for any plausible reason, can see the records which the Trustees make. The Trustees are so much a public body, that a writ of *mandamus* or *quo warranto* could be issued against them. Now, this is THE PUBLIC BODY, whose meetings and records he represented as 'private,' and speaks again and again of a fact being 'hidden in their private records.' And this, too, was the body to which, nearly twenty years ago, when Mr. Phillips, as an Anti-Slavery man, was yet in his father's loins; and when, too, the general prejudice against colour was so rank and vehement; this is the body, and that was the time, when I moved a proposition to admit a coloured child to all the privileges of white children in that school. And yet, because I did not see fit, after he was at last conceived and brought forth, to adopt his modes of proceeding, but pursued my own more effectual course, he accuses me of infidelity to the divine law of Human Brotherhood, and of 'guilt' in a public office!

He closes this topic by the very respectful remark that 'no red herring of a Blind Institution shall draw [him] off to discuss [my] course at other times and in other offices.' What, then, did draw him off for so large a portion of his last two letters, to discuss this very matter—until he found it no longer possible to sustain himself.

2. To the second point—respecting my instructions for admitting coloured children to the Normal Schools—I understand Mr. Phillips to allow sentence of guilty to be entered against him. He makes no defence. How could an honourable man, under these circumstances, forbear to make retraction and apology?

3. I charged Mr. Phillips with another misquotation from me, which changed not only the legal meaning, but the moral tone of the whole sentence he pretended to quote. The reparation which his sense of justice dictates for so gross an act is this: 'I am glad the omission made no change in the sense.' I quote both sentences, indicating the omitted words, so that the reader may see that Mr. Phillips left out the whole sentiment of my paragraph—a sentiment of sympathy with the coloured people and of indignation against their injurers:

Mr. Mann's Report.	*Mr. Phillips' misquotation.*
'When the equal, natural and constitutional rights of THE OUTCAST CHILDREN of Africa,' &c.	'When the equal, natural and constitutional rights of Africa,' &c. [which makes nothing but nonsense].

Here is a third gross misquotation, followed by a denial that any injustice was done.

4. I spoke of my affirmance of the rights of the coloured children, when codifying the school laws. He replied, 'Any *codification* must have been made after the Supreme Court's Session,' &c. This I answered by showing that the Supreme Court's Session was in 1850, and my codification in 1849. In his last letter, he does not apologize for, nor even notice the misstatement.

Having referred to these four points, *and these four only*, Mr. Phillips adds, 'I have noticed thus in detail Mr. Mann's *eight specifications*, because I wished to prove my ability to meet him on any ground he chose,' &c. Now, it is obvious, on the very face of the paper where this assertion is made, that he had noticed but *four* of the *eight*. He had omitted all reference to the *third*, *fourth*, *fifth* and *eighth* of my original specifications. Of the four which he has noticed, I have shown that the first is false in law; the second is a virtual acknowledgment of falsity in fact; the third pertains to the misquotation unatoned for, and the fourth to the assertion that an event happening in 1850 came *before* one happening in 1849. *In this way*, he has noticed four of the eight, and evaded the rest, because, as he says, 'I wished to prove my ability to meet him [Mr. Mann] on any ground he chose.'

But Mr. Phillips now says: 'the only charge I ever made against him was for misconduct as *Secretary*.' Very well, I am always ready to take any revised edition of his calumnies. It was, then, *as Secretary*, that I never did anything in behalf of coloured children. Was not my instruction about admitting coloured pupils to the Normal School, on the same terms as the white, given in my capacity as Secretary? Is there a shadow of a pretence for saying it was given in any other capacity? Could I have given it in any other capacity? And so, of the legal opinion given to the City Solicitor of Boston, when the main question about coloured schools, then pending before the city authorities, had been referred to him, and he was preparing his official reply. Was that no 'word' given in behalf of the coloured children, and of their cause and their friends? The same is true of the two other points, but I forbear.

But Mr. Phillips 'felt called on to protest against' my 'serious misconduct in *public office*'; and, claiming to be 'impartial,' he could not suffer me to escape. My worthy successor, the Rev. Dr. Sears, has been in the same office for five years. If he has ever said one word, or done one thing, specially to break up coloured schools, I have not heard of it. Has Mr. Phillips ever 'felt called on to' arraign him as he did me; or to revive any old, outlawed calumnies, and publish them anew?

Mr. Phillips thinks that when I was Secretary and had the work of three men to do, I was bound specially to help him; but that he, a gentleman of leisure, and without employment or profession, was not bound to help me. I would leave such a question as this to Pharaoh.

Though a question might be here raised, whether I am not about to violate the Constitution, by inflicting a 'cruel and unusual punishment' on Mr. Phillips; yet I am sure the punishment only befits the offence, and therefore I shall administer it. In his letter of March 21st, he accused me of applying the 'Jesuits' rule' in construing my oath. In my reply of April 4th, I collated what I had said, with his comments upon it, so that the reader could see, at a glance, the flagitiousness of his charge. In his next, he assumes a tone of rebuke; and, after saying some hard things on other topics, adds: 'I should speak still more strongly, if I spoke at all, of his attempt to evade my remark on his Jesuistical construction of an oath'—thus again charging me with Jesuitism—an imputation justly held to be one of the most offensive that can possibly be made against an honourable man. I replied by again publishing my text and his comment; so that the public might see who the Jesuit was. In his last, he has the following, in reference to the same matter: 'if any one will read my *whole paragraph* on that point, the correctness of my criticism will be apparent.' Thus he brings forward the foul charge of Jesuitism for the third time; with an insinuation, all the way, that I have been misrepresenting him, and that he is an innocent, abused party.

And now for the 'cruel and unusual punishment'—not fire and brimstone; these our ears are familiar with; but a foretaste of that worm which, in the absence of repentance for offences, never dies. After citing my original text, I will give his *whole paragraph*, italicising what I quoted before, *and thus show him to himself!*

Mr. Mann's Remark.—'I had supposed that, as an oath makes God a party to the transaction, it is binding in that sense in which He knows the party took it.'

Mr. Phillips' Comment.—'I had affirmed that an oath to the people of the United States was binding in that sense in which he who took it knew, at the time, that the people understood him to offer it. This familiar principle is sanctioned by every Christian moralist, from half-Christian Cicero to half-pagan Wayland. Mr. Mann denies it! He asserts that as an "oath makes God a party to the transaction, it is binding in that sense in which He knew the party took it"! *This is virtually the Jesuits' rule, that promises are binding, not as the parties understood them, but as the promisor secretly intended. That is, a man may swear to one thing and mean another, and God justifies him!* I do not so hold; neither will Mr. Mann, when he thinks of it a second time.'

And now I ask, where, in my remark, is there any trace or glimpse of a thought about promises *not* being binding 'as the parties understood them'; or about fulfilling promises, *not* according to their meaning, 'but as the promisor secretly intended'; or anything that has aspect or odour of the atrocious doctrine that 'a man may swear to one thing and mean another,' while God looks on and 'justifies him' in his perjury! Where, I demand again, can any man, who has a conscience, or any man, without a conscience, who has intellect enough to see the obvious meaning of words, discover, in my language, any form or hue, any index or expectation of any one of all those damnable ideas which make up the whole of Mr. Phillips' comment!

He says he made the 'grave charge of serious misconduct *in public office*,' 'to rebut Mr. Mann's claim that before entering Congress he had been so boldly and frankly Anti-Slavery as to leave me no excuse for criticising his Congressional speeches, even if their language seemed equivocal.' So far from this being true, the readers of this controversy have already seen that Mr. Phillips revived those stale calumnies only because he could not sustain his original criticisms or attack upon my Congressional speech of August last, and found it necessary to change his ground.

He says, 'Mr. Mann thinks to excite prejudice against us by allusion to our rebuke of Kossuth and Father Mathew.' I wish to excite 'prejudice' against no man. I only wished to show that there are other causes as sacred and dear to other men as Mr. Phillips' is to him; and if he were capable of putting himself in their stead but for a moment, he could not but see it. When the cause is good and the motive holy, as in the case of Kossuth and Father Mathew, it is the intensest intolerance and bigotry to debar one from all discretion in the mode of pursuing it. The high priests and Pharisees were as anxious for a Saviour as anybody. They crucified Christ simply because he would not save Jerusalem *in their way*. How could Oberlin, or Pestalozzi, or Howard, or Mrs. Fry, or Miss Dix, attend to all philanthropies, at once; and how unjust to accuse them of indifference to any other good, because their heavenly zeal in one absorbed them from others! The mention of this last lady's name reminds me of Mr. Phillips' defence that he must accuse even the noblest men, pursuing the noblest objects, in order to be *impartial*. The claim is unfounded. I understand that Miss Dix, in her holy mission among the insane of the Southern States, has pursued the same course that Father Mathew did on his errand of Temperance. Yet Mr. Phillips has never dared to rebuke her. Among the mad men she has quelled, he, as yet, is one of her trophies.

On the topic of tax-paying, Mr. Phillips, *in defending himself*, advances a fair and just principle—one which, would he but give others the benefit of it, as well as claim it for himself, would have precluded all he has ever said against Kossuth, Father Mathew, or—to place a small man by the side of great ones—against me. Speaking of resistance to the tax-gatherer, he says, 'Each man will judge how far and in what way he will resist and protest against such things.' What, but this principle, and the concession of it generally, instead of Mr. Phillips' personal monopoly, does the voter or the office-holder need? I showed, in my last, that

to confirm judge or marshal, who, in his belief, will ever execute the Fugitive Slave Law; *but he votes against him*; and, let a *specific bill* be presented for paying judge or marshal the foul wages of sending a man into bondage under that law, and no Free Soiler will vote for it; or, if he does, I will take turns with the Garrisonians in alternate scourgings and expostulations, until the sinner repents. And whom do the appropriation bills pay? It has been said there are a hundred thousand recipients from the United States treasury—pensioners, postmasters, judges, custom-house officers, &c. &c. Not one in a thousand of these has ever had any more connection with the Fugitive Slave Law than they have with Pharaoh's pursuit after Moses and the children of Israel; and should they ever volunteer for such a purpose, they have my best wishes for Pharaoh's fate; always supposing, however, that they don't repent and reform. Now, when the general appropriation bill is presented to me, shall I deprive the nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine of their lawful, equitable and just dues from the government, in order to prevent the ten-thousandth man from getting his share? This would be the highest injustice. Be it remembered, too, that, probably, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of that one man's salary are also dues for services lawfully, equitably and constitutionally performed; and that there is no law nor rule of justice which authorizes me to sequestrate or make reprisals, by withholding from him a year's salary, due for legitimate services, because he has been guilty of one breach of the Constitution My only course is—pay and impeach. Would to God that I could separate these small items from the general mass, but I cannot. Because the earth is full of sin—Slavery, war, idolatry, intemperance—I might as well attempt to get off from it, and make my annual circuit round the sun in my own vehicle. It is physically impossible to pass the appropriation bills with a specification and apportionment as to men and services—just as it is impossible to pay a tax-bill in that way—and so, from the necessity of the case, we must appropriate money and pay taxes in the gross.

This question is argued by one party as though the whole amount of the appropriations went to pay vile panders to the Slave Power; as though there were no claimants on the government but some half-dozen judges and marshals, and those did nothing but catch and try alleged fugitives; whereas, not one official act in a million of acts, nor one cent in a million of cents, is done, or paid, for these ungodly purposes. It is, I repeat, in making these appropriations, as in paying custom-house duties or postages; I cannot apportion, or direct, or withhold; I must pass and pay the whole or none. When I have done the best I can, according to my 'own opinion and conscience,' my responsibility *for that case* ceases. A week ago, I paid five dollars to the railroad company, which, last Friday, at Norwalk, killed some sixty of my fellow-citizens and some of my friends. For aught I know, that money has gone into the hands of the homicide. Yet am I chargeable with their death? Just as much as I am with the arrest of Sims, or the unlawful oaths imposed upon jurors who tried the alleged rescuers.

So in regard to the mental bewilderment exhibited in that same column and a half, respecting the obedience to the decisions of the Supreme Court. The rule, both of law and of morals, is too plain to be mistaken by any intelligent man. I have already alluded to the difference between the co-ordinate branches of the government on the one hand, and States and citizens on the other. The latter disobey the judgments of that court at their peril. They disobey any law which Congress may pass at their peril. While any citizen remains within the jurisdiction, he must obey, or take the consequences. All good laws should be obeyed. But if the government lays its hand on me personally, and commands me to violate a divine law, I have but one answer to give—the answer which Uncle Tom gave to Legree, when he commanded him to whip a woman. Uncle Tom could work with slaves, could be a slave himself, be bought and sold as a slave, because he could not help it; but when it came to whipping an innocent person, not all the agonies of earth nor all the fiends of hell could torture him to do it This was good Free Soilism. But suppose some power, divine or human, had revealed to Uncle Tom that, *by giving a vote*, he could save, or help to save, his fellow-bondsmen; think you, Mr. Phillips, that you could have obfuscated and stultified the mind of that sainted and martyred slave so that he would not have done it!

Speaking on this subject, I said the 'citizen' is bound to obey the mandates of the Supreme Court, '*except in cases of conscience.*' Mr. Phillips retorts that I am lawyer enough to know that such an exception is 'inadmissible.' But I am moralist enough to know that it is *admissible*; and if Mr. Phillips needs to be told, that even among heathen, the moral overrides the legal, he ought not to write for the newspapers. Why did he meet my position with such a miserable and irreligious sophism?

I hope I have now succeeded in bringing the ideas which flitted about, chaotically, through that column and a half, into some degree of logical order. At any rate, I have presented the views by which my conduct has hitherto been governed, and by which it must continue to be governed, until further light shall be obtained. I think it will be seen by any man of candour, that there is in all this, no 'playing fast and loose,' no 'evasion' no taking 'refuge, now in one theory and now in another;' but that the whole is plain, and, at least, consistent with itself, even if it be not sound.

'In my last letter,' says Mr. Phillips, 'I said all I wish to say,' respecting 'the ballot for women.' Yet he goes on with more than half a column, to defend the same abhorred doctrines which would legalize what, on his hypothesis, is purely and simply wicked. He introduces a few new names, and gives one or two new illustrations; but adds no new argument. The statement of a single principle will confute the whole sophistry of his reply.

Nothing can be clearer than that a physical, legal or moral power may be abused by a free agent; and further, that such ability to abuse it is not always a sufficient reason for withholding the power. All the powers and faculties with which God has endowed us are liable to abuse; yet they were not withheld. All the rights secured to us by government are liable to abuse; none, except a devil, could ever grant such powers *for the sake of the abuse*. They are granted for the good they may effect; and I may add, for the great preponderance of good which it is foreseen or expected they will effect. But conceive of a power, of which there can be no good use; of which all practicable and supposable uses are bad—baneful or sinful, or both together—and again I say, would any but a devil or a madman ask for such a power! Would Mr. Phillips pray to God to give the race a new faculty which could only be used to sin with? Just as well as to ask government to confer the legal right of voting and office-holding and oath-taking on women under circumstances where every exercise of the legal right is necessarily, on his hypothesis, a natural or a moral evil. Suppose Mr. Phillips, instead of petitioning the Massachusetts Convention to create a new set of voters, and office-holders, should pray his divinity to create a new set of devils, but declare, at the end of his prayer, as he has declared, since he got up his petitions, that he knew the employments of devils were dreadfully wicked—almost or quite as bad as voting or going to Congress—yet as soon as they should be created, he means to catch and ham-string as many of them as he can, to prevent their going up and down the earth, seeking whom they may devour—just as he means to 'argue,' 'immediately,' as soon as women get the right to vote, 'that they ought not to exercise it'; though all the time he knows that many of the devils will have it their own way, just as 'many women will vote'—suppose, I say, Mr. Phillips were to do all this, is there a god in all the pantheon of heathen idols who would not spurn him from his altar?

But if he petitions that women should have the legal right to do a thing so morally wrong as voting necessarily and intrinsically is, under our 'covenant with Death and agreement with Hell,' why don't he petition that they should *have a right to hold slaves?* The offences are on a par. The parallel is complete. Both are forbidden by the Constitution of Massachusetts. In the one case as in the other, just as soon as the right should be conferred, he could 'immediately argue that they ought not to *exercise* it.' To be sure, many of them would buy and hold slaves, as 'many of them would vote.' But even then, they would only have the opportunity, which he represents Martin Luther and Roger Williams and Algernon Sydney as so anxious to confer upon men—the legal right to do a thing, under all existing circumstances, inherently wrong!

So much for Mr. Phillips' general argument. Let me now quote a special passage from him, that we may see at a single glance his fairness in argument, his logic and his moral sense. I had said that the 'right to speak, to lecture, to defend one's country, &c., were rights to do right things.' He replies:

> Mr. Mann thinks my analogies of Webster and Dewey defending Slavery, coloured men getting enrolled in the army, and each man's choosing his own creed, are no true analogies; because all these are *rights to do right things*; whereas I regard woman's voting under this government a wrong thing. Indeed! I cannot agree with him. I cannot think that Dewey's legal right to defend the Fugitive Slave Law, and the duty of sending one's mother into Slavery, is a right to do a *right thing!*

Observe now: I spoke generally of the right to 'speak, lecture,' &c., as '*rights to do right things*,' 'Indeed!' says Mr. Phillips, 'I cannot think that Dewey's right to defend the Fugitive Slave Law,' &c., 'is a right to do a *right thing*'; thus answering my affirmation concerning the general 'right to lecture,' &c., by denying Mr. Dewey's moral right to lecture in behalf of catching slaves, and sending his mother into bondage. Now, if Mr. Phillips denies that the right to 'lecture' is a right to do a right thing, why does he lecture himself? If he admits it to be a '*right to do a right thing*,' why does he compare it with the right to vote, which, on his theory, is always wrong? Can there be any greater fallacies than to confound the proper use of a right with the abuse of it; or legal rights with moral wrongs?

But, lest I should be carried away too far by my indignation against such ungodly doctrines, upheld by such shameless sophistries, I will leave this topic.

Mr. Phillips thinks me inconsistent, because I expressed a desire in my last letter to have the co-operation of the present non-voters at the polls, after having once spoken of the fewness of their numbers. Why so? Within the last few years, have we not twice had a Governor of the State chosen by a single vote? Is it not a common thing to have Senators, Representatives and Members of Congress chosen by the smallest majorities? By refusing to vote, the non-voters allow their worst enemies to succeed.

'My reputation for caution in making charges, and ability to prove those I make, is one of the best weapons I have to wield in the slave's behalf.' Who, does the reader suppose, says this? Mr. Wendell Phillips, and at the close of a controversy, too, where he has made at least *three generations of false charges*, and at last has felt himself obliged to steal away, because he was unable to sustain a single one of all the lineage, parent or progeny. May Heaven have mercy on the slave, if such as these are the best weapons wielded in his behalf!

He says that a full knowledge of my constitutional views was 'a necessary preliminary to any profitable discussion between us.' From the beginning, I have always been ready to give him my constitutional views and have *three several times* offered to do so; but I saw the object of my antagonist too well, to be decoyed by him into a discussion of the Constitution of the United States, while all that he was after was, to make lunges at——*my constitution*. Ceasing from his personalities for a single letter, or even promising to do so, would have brought out my views at once.

'Flight,' says the law, 'is one of the proofs of guilt.' What is Mr. Phillips' clandestine evanescence from this controversy, but 'flight'? Though he has left me no parting salutation, yet I will send one after him. It is, that though I know he has done me grievous wrong, by misquoting me repeatedly in matters vital to my meaning; by holding me up as faithless to the 'Higher Law' in the House of Representatives, where, according to the measure of strength God has given me, I lifted my voice above the thunder and storm of opposition to defend it; by accusing me of being false to the cause of the coloured children, whose welfare, before, during, and since my Secretaryship, God knows I never neglected; by charging me with whatever is contemptable in a fair debater, and unworthy of an honourable man—with tricks, evasions, dodging dilemmas, smothering conscience, &c., and, worst of all, with that hatefullest of all offences, a devilish Jesuitism—though Mr. Phillips has done all these things to me, and more, yet I take leave of him with no malice in my heart, nor an unkind word upon my tongue. If, for his proved misstatements, he had made even the slenderest apologies; if, when facts, of which he declared himself before ignorant, were brought to his certain knowledge, he had said that they altered the case, and that he regretted his unconscious denials (as he so easily might have done and was bound to do), I would gladly have extended to him my pardon and my hand. As it is, I can only submit to him a form of aspiration, in which both we and our friends can join—though doubtless with very different ideas as to its extent and application—namely, *that after this controversy, we both may be wiser and better men.*

For every word that I have published, I have taken the precaution, before publishing, to consult with some of Mr. Phillips' best friends, that I might see every proposition from their point of view; and if, at any time hereafter, in reviewing what I have written, I shall find that I have said one word which the conduct of my assailant did not warrant, or that my feelings of moral indignation have carried me, in any instance, too far, I, as being the person more deeply interested in the error than any other man can be, shall regret it more, and shall not feel ashamed, but ennobled, in according to him the most ample reparation in my power.

And now, Mr. Garrison, having taken leave of your friend, allow me to say a word to you. I think your editorial remark that I had *evaded the great question at issue*, was unwarranted by the facts. The other things you said, in connection with this, if I have not mistaken your nature, you will regret. I assure you, I have ever been ready to take up the question at issue, and I am ready now. I only waited for fair preliminaries. Will you now admit me space in your paper to submit my views on what I suppose you mean by the 'great question at issue,'—to be prepared as soon as my engagements will allow? A single word, intimating your acceptance or dissent, will be sufficient.

Yours very truly, HORACE MANN.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1853.

NOTICE.

NEW YORK CITY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—It affords us pleasure to state that measures are already in progress for the formation of a New York City Anti-Slavery Society, auxiliary to the American Anti-Slavery Society. A meeting will be held at the Anti-Slavery Rooms, No. 142 Nassau street, on Thursday evening next, at 8 o'clock, to hear the report of a Committee appointed to prepare a Constitution and nominate officers. All persons who feel an interest in the object are earnestly invited to attend. Such a Society is greatly needed at the present time, and we are happy to say that not a few earnest-minded persons have expressed their intention to become members.

TO THE READER.

ACCORDING to an arrangement made and publicly announced two months ago, I, this week (Vol. XIV., No. 1) assume, conjointly with Mr. GAY, who has presided over its columns with marked ability and devotedness for the last nine years, the editorial conduct of the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*. The conspicuous position of this journal as the organ and representative of the American Anti-Slavery Society, its location in the great Metropolis of the Nation's Politics, Piety and Trade, and the transcendent importance of the cause to which it is devoted, conspire to make me feel that the responsibilities which I thus take upon myself are of the greatest and weightiest sort, and worthy to tax the best intellect and the highest moral culture to be found in the land. The American Anti-Slavery Society is at solemn issue with the governing power of the country, as represented in the State and in the Church, in respect to the inalienable rights and the welfare of an oppressed and degraded class of our population, and the *Standard* is the weapon upon whose efficacy depends, in a great measure, its success or failure in the conflict it has undertaken to wage. An experience of twenty years in this great battle with the minions of Slavery has taught me that it is no light matter for a small number of persons, destitute of those resources of wealth and official station upon which men generally rely for the attainment of the ends they seek, to set themselves in array against the ignorance, prejudice and selfishness of their generation, to identify themselves with a despised and enslaved class, and to encounter the strong currents of public sentiment inspired neither by the love of God nor of man, and reckless of every appeal save that addressed to its morbid thirst for wealth and power. Deeply sensible, however, as I am, of my lack of the high qualifications so desirable in the man who is to occupy a post of so much importance, I have not felt at liberty to disregard the earnest solicitations of my associates and fellow-labourers; and I now come at their call, with the fixed determination that, if I cannot do *all* that needs to be done, I will at least give to the Society and the cause the full benefit of such ability and experience as I have to bestow.

Having for many years been connected with the Anti-Slavery press, my views, both in respect to the principles and the policy upon which the cause should be conducted, are too well known to need elucidation in the circumstances in which I am now placed. It will be quite sufficient for me to say, that with my whole heart I sympathize with the American Anti-Slavery Society in the issues it makes with the American Government and the American Church, and that I shall endeavour, in all rightful ways, to make those issues effective as a means of moral, political and religious agitation throughout the land. Corrupt politicians, parasitical priests, and merchants who connive at iniquity, in order to sell their goods, are begging for *peace* on the subject of Slavery. It will be my aim to disappoint and baffle them all, to employ my influence in harmony with that law of God which renders peace impossible to tyrants and oppressors; to quicken into a healthful activity the torpid conscience of the nation, that it may secure peace by breaking the bonds of the enslaved.

The signs of the times are auspicious. The active mind of the country is pondering, as never before, the claims of the slave; the public ear is open for the reception of the truth which it is the business of Anti-Slavery newspapers to disseminate; old prejudices are losing their power; men are seriously considering whether they have not too hastily and thoughtlessly pronounced Abolitionists fanatics and incendiaries, and whether, after all, the remedy they propose for Slavery is not the one by which alone the nation can hope to escape the judgments of God. This state of things devolves upon the advocates of the cause a new responsibility, and one which they should meet in a proper spirit, without any exhibition of dogmatism or unreasonable pertinacity for modes and forms on the one hand, or of a compromising disposition on the other. We must stand for principle with the firmness of a rock, but so stand that the public shall have no justifiable reason for regarding us as obstinate and impracticable. Above all, we must see to it, that our denunciations of Slavery are prompted not by a captious, fault-finding spirit, but by an intense and disinterested love of Freedom, which will not allow us to be silent and inactive while any portion of the human family are pining in bondage. Our power to do good will be in exact proportion to the strength and intensity of love in our hearts. To hate Slavery aright, our minds must be ravished by the beauties of Liberty; to scorn injustice as we should, we must have a living and active appreciation of justice; to testify effectually against sin, we must be inspired by a positive love of all that is virtuous and holy.

The present state of the cause should remind its friends of their duty to extend the circulation of Anti-Slavery papers, and especially of the organ of the National Society. On this point the readers of the *Standard* will soon be appealed to by the Executive Committee in an official form, and I trust the appeal will not fall upon unwilling ears.

OLIVER JOHNSON.

☞ In the Official Report of the Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, published in last week's *Standard*, allusion is made to "A Remonstrance with the People of the United States of America, against the system of Slavery, from the inhabitants of Axbridge, and its vicinity, England," which was opened and read at the meeting on Thursday morning, but which we were compelled, for want of room, to omit from the Report. It was a subject of deep regret that this admirable address was not received in time for the Anniversary of the day before, that the voice of its Fourteen Hundred signers might have been heard by the large audience then assembled; but as, unfortunately, it did not arrive till the following day, the next best thing was to present it at the smaller business meeting of the Society, and to give it currency through the columns of the Anti-Slavery press. We publish it below, and trust that it will be copied by all the Anti-Slavery papers, and such others as are willing to lay before their readers a remonstrance so affectionate and candid upon the National Sin.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE FRIENDLY REMONSTRANCE OF THE PEOPLE OF AXBRIDGE AND ITS VICINITY.

AMERICANS: You acknowledge the BROTHERHOOD OF NATIONS. You avow the doctrine that the nations of the earth constitute one great family, and that, as such, they are bound to each other by common interests and common ties. And in avowing this, you grant the right of any one member of that brotherhood to lift up a calm and truthful testimony before any other member, on behalf of Humanity, Justice, and Freedom, when these are assailed or outraged.

We are at one with you in the maintenance of this principle; and it is because we look to you as brethren, bound to us by the most endeared associations, that we now address you.

It is in no spirit of pride or fanciful superiority that we make our appeal, but rather in a spirit of self-humiliation, calling to mind that we also were once partakers in this Iniquity. And we hope that the fact of our having done what we could to wipe out our reproach as a nation—once implicated in upholding Slavery—will induce you to give the more willing and earnest heed to our remonstrance.

AMERICANS: We plead with you in behalf of Three Millions of Immortal Beings whom you hold in Bondage. We plead for the removal of the curse from their brow, the gall from their earthly cup, the chain from their limbs, the iron from their souls. We plead for the Immediate, Unqualified, and Entire Abolition of Slavery throughout your Land.

It is not necessary that we enter on any lengthened proof of the Evils of this system. It carries its condemnation with it. That condemnation is heard in groans of anguish, and written in tears of blood. It has been inscribed, as with letters of fire, on the desolated hearts and homes of millions. The voice of the Eternal proclaims it. A System which subjects three millions of Human Beings to the condition of mere "chattels personal" in the eye of the law; which deprives them of all their rights and privileges as intelligent and accountable creatures; which disallows, or breaks asunder, the most sacred ties of life; which virtually annuls "the Higher Law" of God, and substitutes, in its stead, the absolute will of a sinful man as the rule of obedience; which robs its victims of the fruits of their toil, and denies to them the means and opportunities of cultivating their deathless faculties; a system which sanctions atrocities like these must be essentially wrong and unutterably shameful, and cannot be mentioned in the same breath with Truth, Righteousness, and Freedom.

AMERICANS: We appeal to you, on the ground of our COMMON HUMANITY, to abolish this System. We assert the Manhood of the Enslaved. These Three Millions who are in bondage are Men and Women like ourselves; gifted with like thoughts, like feelings, like aspirations, and, like us too, destined for Immortality. Why, then, treat them as if they belonged not to human kind? That there are humane men among the upholders of the Slave System, and slaves who receive humane treatment, we readily acknowledge; and yet we are compelled to say that the inevitable tendency of such a system must be to subject the enslaved to treatment that is anything but humane. Where is the humanity of treating men and women as if they were brute beasts, or creeping things? of trampling in the dust the most sacred relationships of life? of rearing slaves like cattle for the market? of subjecting them to the lash, and to numerous indignities and immoralities; and this according to the caprice or passion of an irresponsible owner? Is there even the semblance of humanity here? We plead with you to treat the Slave as a Man.

We appeal to you on the ground of JUSTICE. Where is the justice that is dealt out to the Slave? Where is there anything meriting the name? The System takes from the slave all he gains from life's commencement to its close. It strips him of money, house, wife, children. It deprives him of Education, Civil Rights, Liberty of Conscience, the Bible. It condemns him without a hearing, and subjects him without a trial to bonds, imprisonment, and even death. In vain does he look for justice at the hand of his Oppressor. There is no Tribunal of Righteousness to which he can appeal. In the Preamble to your noble Constitution, it is affirmed that it was framed "to establish justice," and yet there are Three Millions of Human Beings at this hour within the bounds of your Republic who may be treated with every indignity and cruelty, while the justice of your land extends no shield over their helpless heads.

We appeal to you on the ground of CONSISTENCY. And is not this the fundamental principle set forth in your glorious Declaration of Independence—all men are born free and equal; that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness? What means this language? Does it not mean that the man of colour, as well as the white, is a man? That the black man is born free as well as the white? That God has given to the black man, as well as the white, those inalienable rights? Where, then, is your consistency between your profession and your practice as a people?

We appeal to you on the ground of our common CHRISTIANITY. Is not this the teaching of its Divine Author—"Love thy neighbour as thyself"? And who is thy neighbour? That down-trodden slave is he. But where is your love when you even deny him the right to be a man? Does not Christianity teach that God has "made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth"? But how can you reconcile this great truth with your conduct in shutting out the poor Slave from the Brotherhood of Humanity? Is not the law for the regulation of conduct between man and man, as laid down by the Great Teacher himself—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them"? But if that law be honoured in the midst of you, does it not follow that you will bid every slave go free? As you would that men should bind no fetters on your limbs, does not that law demand that ye bind no fetters on theirs? As ye would not be enslaved, Christ bids you enslave none. Have you not Bible and Missionary Societies, and do you not regard them as the glory of your nation? But why send the Bible to Slaves of Satan in other climes, and deny it to the Slaves of your own land? Why seek to illume India or China, while you doom to Heathen darkness millions in your own country? AMERICANS! by everything that is sacred and awful in our Holy Religion, we appeal to you to be consistent here. As you profess to be a Christian People, listen to the word of the Most High—"Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them." "Proclaim Liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison-doors to them that are bound:" "Loose the bands of wickedness, undo the heavy burdens, break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free."

[Signed by GEORGE G. BEADON, Rector of Axbridge, England, and Fourteen Hundred others, inhabitants of Axbridge and its vicinity.]

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

OUR last number was so occupied with the Report of the Speeches at the Anniversary, and of the Proceedings at the subsequent Sessions for Business, that we had no room for any Editorial notice of the Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society. It was well worth one, however. Perhaps we have never held a more encouraging and gratifying Meeting than that of week before last. Though determined to re-establish ourselves in the right of meeting in the City of New York, at the earliest possible moment, we were by no means sure of the reception we should meet with from the patriotism of the Commercial Metropolis. Nor did we feel absolutely certain that a numerous attendance of the members of the Society could be reckoned upon, under the circumstances. But any doubts we might have entertained, beforehand, were speedily dispersed when the day arrived. The hall where the Meeting was held was filled in every nook and cranny, and we were assured that very many were obliged to go away empty, for want of room. We are confident that we could have filled the Tabernacle, if not the Metropolitan, could it have been procured. And this great audience was perfectly attentive and respectful. A few honest hisses there were, to be sure, at some of the stronger statements of Mr. Phillips; but to such we make no objection, any more than to applause. But there was not the slightest disposition manifested to disturb or break up the Meeting.

Among the crowd that assembled to welcome the American Society on its return from the exile into which it had been driven, three years since, by the redoubtable Captain Rynders, there were, of course, many who were not in sympathy with the doctrines or method of the Society. Many clergymen were among the audience. A reverend gentleman present assured us that he saw as many as thirty that he knew personally. Many came, doubtless, with itching ears, seeking only to be entertained with excellency or with extravagance of speech; but we have no doubt that the great majority of those present were brought thither by a genuine sympathy with the purpose of the Society, whether agreeing in its measures or not, and by a cordial satisfaction that there was at least an *interregnum* in the supremacy of Mob-rule. It was, altogether, a very satisfactory sign of the times. It denoted a foregone conclusion. The Union was not as well worth saving as it was three years ago. The game had been played out, of which that riot was one of the moves, and the result had been loss and disappointment to most of the gamesters engaged in it. The New York Whig merchants who had pinned their faith to the sleeve of Mr. Webster had seen their hopes dashed in pieces, on the glorious Twenty-First of June, by the blow which laid him in his grave after a few lingering months of mortification and disappointment. The friends of Mr. Clay, who had hoped against hope in his behalf, could only console themselves that he had given, with his dying hand, the *coup de grace* to the Northern interloper who had attempted to steal his thunder of the Fugitive Slave Act. And the Cass and Marcy men had been called to the humiliation of rejecting their favourite idols for an obscure little lawyer from New Hampshire, illustrious only for his eminent insignificance. O, no! the Union was by no means as precious as when Captain Rynders rescued it from our clutches. And the knowledge of these things gave no slight poignancy to the relish with which we enjoyed our restoration.

But the most gratifying part of the Annual Meeting was not so much the public Anniversary as the Sessions for Business which succeeded it. These were not intended as meetings for agitation, but of consultation and deliberation as to the best methods of promoting the interests of the Cause. They were not designed so much for the conversion of the Babylon in the midst of which they were held as for the devising of ways and means of attempting the conversion of the country at large, during the year. We are confident that there was never before so large a gathering of the members and friends of the American Society since it was established—unless, possibly, in the year 1840. The large room, adjoining the Hall of the Anniversary, was entirely filled by Abolitionists from almost, if not quite, every Free State, and all seemed to be inspired with a common spirit of zeal and co-operation. Great benefit must result from such personal, face to face, meetings. It is one great advantage of our periodical assemblies that friends may sharpen, if not the countenances, at least the zeal of friends, as iron sharpeneth iron. But not merely was money raised and pledged, and plans of future action devised, but the true platform of the Society was laid down and explained, and the philosophy of the measures which characterize it illustrated and enforced with great ability, particularly by Mr. Phillips and Mr. Garrison. The substance of their remarks would make an invaluable Manual or Abolitionist's *Vade Mecum*, to furnish answers to the cavilling objections they are so liable to meet with. We trust that this may be done, and thus another advantage added to the good fruits of the Meeting.

We were also gratified at finding that there were many more righteous men in that wicked City than we had dared to hope. Perhaps it accounts for the fact that it has not yet met with the fate which overtook the Cities of the Plain. A plan, suggested by residents of New York, of forming a City Anti-Slavery Society, Auxiliary to the American, met with cordial approbation and encouragement. A preliminary meeting was held on the evening of the adjournment of the Society, which will, ere long, chrystallise into an efficient organization. That out of five or six hundred thousand souls, there should be found two or three hundred with humanity and intelligence enough to be Abolitionists, does not seem to be a violent improbability. And, yet, it was a state of things we had not expected; and, probably, this estimate is too large for the present time. But that there is a germ of Anti-Slavery there which may yet grow up into a flourishing plant, that there is a nucleus about which whatever of genuine Anti-Slavery exists in New York may gather and become known, the parts to each other and the whole to the world, seems to be beyond question. We wish this movement success with all our heart, and trust that out of it will grow a greatly enlarged circulation of the *Standard*. It seems not beyond possibility that five hundred persons might be found willing to take it out of five hundred thousand. We commend this measure to the new Society, as well as to the Abolitionists throughout the Country, as one the importance of which cannot be over-estimated, as it regards the usefulness and the very vitality of the Society.

We were more than ever confirmed, by the result of this Meeting, in the opinion we have always held, that New York is the proper place for the Annual Meeting of the Parent Anti-Slavery Society to be held. Its central situation and easiness of access, as the Commercial Capital of the Country, indicate it as the point where the greatest number of Abolitionists can be collected with the most ease and at the least expense. Larger mass meetings may be got together in other places (though we have our doubts as to this, too); but so large a representation of the Anti-Slavery of the country can be assembled nowhere else. And this is what is wanted at least once in a year. Out of one such delegated meeting, representing a great extent of country, though not numerically large, will grow many multitudinous mass meetings. We hope the custom of holding Semi-Annual or Quarterly Meetings of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at various points of the country, may grow into an institution. Such a suggestion was favourably entertained, and will, no doubt, be carried into effect. But we trust that we shall henceforward have no difficulty about procuring a place in which to hold our Meetings in New York. Nothing but a physical impossibility will hinder our meeting there, as nothing else has hindered, as long as Anti-Slavery Meetings are made necessary by the existence of Slavery. And we have ground to hope that the ill-success which attended the last attempt of the Castle-Gardenites at Union-saving, and the gross ingratitude of which their chiefest champion, even Captain Rynders, has had to complain, may give rest to our Zion for some years to come.—E. Q.

THE CASE OE JANE TRAINER.

As there are certain immutable social relations, natural to man, and founded in the divine order, so hitherto it has been held that there are certain fixed and unchangeable laws, applicable to these relations, and recognised by all people of every age, far enough, advanced in civilization to recognise the necessity and force of law in a just social condition. We take it we are laying down no new principle here, nor advancing anything that can shock anybody for its novelty or radicalism. Law, it is said, is a doubtful thing, and there are certainly a thousand relations as between man and man which law may settle or unsettle, as general principles may seem to bear upon them, or as the expediency of the movement may seem to dictate. But that there is a clear, recognised, universal, and paramount law which all men are bound to reverence and obey as governing their simplest relations to each other, is, we suppose, an axiom that is indisputable.

As, for instance, it will probably be undisputed that murder is wrong: it is not to be questioned that to steal the property of another can never be right: it is not right to maliciously burn up a neighbour's house, or destroy his crops, or his merchandise: it is quite as wrong to destroy his character as to ruin his estate: so there are other unmistakable rights of every human being, to invade which, and take away, the universal sense of civilized, and even half-civilized, man declares to be against the fundamental law of organized Society, and absolutely and unquestionably unjust.

That the parents are the natural and proper guardians of the child, has hitherto been considered a maxim of this fundamental law. Sometimes, of course, as in the case of vicious parents, exceptions are admitted; but it is done with great care, and then the State itself acts as, or provides a, guardian in place of the unnatural and depraved parents. So the law always interferes and protects the natural right of parent and child where a third party has invaded and broken up the relationship by violence, or, having vitiated the infant, has persuaded it to leave its natural protectors to enter upon a career which will probably terminate in wretchedness or infamy.

We hope we have been careful in this statement, as we certainly mean to be, and that we have only laid down here general principles which are universally acknowledged among all civilized—not to say Christian—people. Were we counsel in the case to which we are coming presently, we should wish to argue it only on such received truths.

But first we wish to suppose a case, which we will relate, to save circumlocution, as if it were an actual occurrence.

Some time since, a woman well-known as a common prostitute, and whose infamous means of subsistence had come from keeping a brothel, left a city where she resided, taking with her a little girl whom she had stolen from her parents, and came to Cincinnati. To Cincinnati the bereaved father followed them as soon as he had discovered their departure; but the woman having changed her name, he found it impossible to trace them, and so returned home. Hearing again that they were still in Cincinnati, and learning the name the woman had assumed, he once more started in pursuit, but was again baffled and disappointed, as they had left for New York. He telegraphed and wrote at once to a friend in this city, asking that steps be taken to arrest and detain the party, till he could arrive and claim and recover his child.

Now this woman may have been governed in this act of villainy and outrage by either of two bad motives, but it is not supposable, considering her notoriously vile character, that she could have been influenced by any good one. Her purpose may have been to deliver up the child to a base and degrading servitude which could only be a life of wretchedness—and certain circumstances of the case render this probable—or she may have intended to train her up to her own vile profession, and sell her in the market as a harlot when she should be of sufficient age. But even were a doubt admissible on these points, the acknowleged fact that the woman was a person of ill-fame and notoriously unfit to have the charge of a child of tender years, that the child now in her possession was stolen from its parents, and the acknowledged father had appeared to claim it, would be quite enough on which to decide the case in any Court in Christendom pretending to recognise any principles of fundamental law. No Judge, we believe, would venture to delay his decision one moment longer than was absolutely necessary to hear a statement of the facts, and assure himself of their correctness; and we doubt if anywhere a member of the bar could be found degraded and base enough to attempt a plea in behalf of the woman, when once her character, the fact of her having stolen the child, and the evidence that the claimant was the father, were made clear and indisputable. Indeed, in a case of so aggravated a nature, we should hardly hope that the mob would keep its hands off her, but, yielding to the impulsive indignation aroused by such an outrage upon the order and the feelings of Society, would pull down the house that sheltered so abandoned and vile a wretch.

We have stated this as a suppositious case, and everybody will agree with us that should such an one occur, the result would be precisely that which we suggest. And it is a suppositious case as regards any persons actually within the pale of American sympathy. But, nevertheless, it is an actual case now on trial in this city, though unfortunately two of the parties concerned, the father and the child, are coloured, and therefore neither Judge, nor lawyer, nor press, nor people, hold it to be a case with which law, or justice, or pity, or righteous indignation have necessarily anything to do, but simply one to be decided, if possible, as the spirit of slaveholding dictates, or if otherwise, then only when all the arts of legal chicanery, every quibble of unscrupulous counsel, all the ingenious delays of bar and bench, and threats and actual violence on the part of the defendant, are utterly exhausted, and justice, in spite of all, must have its way.

Jane Trainer is a mulatto child, of about ten years of age. She was born in Mobile, and was the slave of Rose Cooper, or, as she calls herself here, Rose Porter, who brought her thence to Cincinnati, where the father, Charles W. Trainer, a free man of colour, followed them—was mislead by the change of name—but afterward again got trace of them—wrote to this city to have them arrested—followed them, and here claimed the child as his. It has been shown in Court, and admitted by her counsel, that the woman, Cooper, is a common prostitute, and that her lodgings, in this city, are at a house of assignation; it has been shown that Trainer is the father of the child, and the child and woman have both acknowledged it to the Judge; that he is married, as far as a free coloured man can be to a slave-woman in Alabama, to her mother; and he has claimed his child, not only because the woman is notoriously unfit to be trusted with one of her tender years, but because he fears she will be sold as a slave, and because he wishes to put her where she will be well cared for and well educated; yet the woman has found able counsel in James T. Brady, and an obsequious attendant in and out of Court in Captain Rynders—fit counsel and fit attendant, for that matter—the Judge has permitted every impediment to be thrown in the course of justice, and on the plaintiff not appearing, on one day, dismissed the case, and gave up the child into the custody of the woman, notwithstanding the protests of Trainer's counsel, Mr. Culver, and the production of a letter by Mr. Tappan, purporting to come from Trainer, wherein he stated that he had been waylaid and beaten, and had fled to Dunkirk, but would return as soon as possible, and wished the case postponed till then. The woman, however, having possession of the child, secreted herself, and was with difficulty found; but, being found, another writ of *habeas corpus* was served upon her. Trainer returned to the city, but was with great difficulty persuaded to appear, in Court, so much had his fears been worked upon by the threats and violence used toward him. He then related how he had been enticed across the river on a promise of meeting a friend; how he was there set upon, beaten and stabbed, by four "rowdies," who threatened to take his life if he returned to this city; how he escaped from their hands, enquired the way to the nearest depot, jumped into the cars, and told his story to no one till he was safe in Dunkirk. Thence he wrote to Mr. Tappan, and followed his letter in a day or two, being aided and pursuaded by a coloured man who befriended him there.

So stands this remarkable case at present. The Judge, perhaps will decide it in the course of a week, unless, indeed, Trainer shall be speedily made away with by murder or kidnapping, in which case his Honour will no doubt speedily see that he has but one course to pursue—deliver the child, for whom the father has pleaded so long so vain, over to the tender mercies of the harlot.

ANTI-SLAVERY IN CAMBRIDGE.—Yale College has already been denounced by the South as an unfit *alma mater* for her sucklings, and Harvard now will doubtless come in for its turn, as her children have found there, recently, that they are fed with meat instead of the milk fit for babes. The Southern planters have resolved occasionally to withdraw their trade from New York, and probably would could they sell their cotton and buy their dry goods anywhere else; so, perhaps, they may resolve to send their sons no longer to Northern Colleges, and educate them at home, and will do it, no doubt, when the grass begins to grow in Wall and Front streets for want of Southern trade.

The truth is, the South can no more educate her own children than she can do her own trading; she must depend mainly upon the North for both, and must submit with the best grace she can to rely upon the North to import and export for her in material matters, and run the risk that as the North grows more Anti-Slavery, she will teach her Southern pupil the 'Humanities' in another than the old sense. That there is danger of this, is unquestionable; and though Harvard College has hitherto been free from it, it seems now imminent even there.

The Boston papers of last week intimated that some trouble had arisen recently among the students in the Cambridge Law School, growing out of a discussion on Slavery. A Boston correspondent of the *Evening Post* gives the particulars of the difficulty, as follows:

> The students of law in the

such success that it became evident, even to the Southerners, that the North had the best of the contest. A portion of them consequently lost their temper.

During the session of last week, a student named Burt, from Ithaca, New York, made an able speech, upwards of two hours in length, of a very decided Anti-Slavery character. He was frequently interrupted by the Southerners, who attempted to silence him, but were themselves effectually put down by his retorts. One of these retorts was construed into a personal insult by a student from Maryland, and he in consequence sent Mr. Burt a challenge. This, of course, was treated with contempt. For a day or two there was considerable talk of bowie-knifes and pistols, but finding their gasconade had no effect, the young gentleman subsided, and last evening the debate was resumed without any serious manifestation of ill-feeling.

The effect, so far, of the discussion has been very marked upon the Northern students, and even some of the Southerners, I am told, have considerably modified their views. The matter is not without importance, for the Cambridge Law School is one of the great centres from which proceed the influences that mould the future of the country. The students are mostly men of talent, and likely hereafter to occupy positions of power.

American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.—This Society held its public Anniversary at the Tabernacle on Wednesday evening, May 11th. A large audience attended, in the expectation of hearing John P. Hale and Frederick Douglass. Mr. Hale, however, was not present. Mr. Douglass made the only speech of the evening. His theme was, the condition and prospects of the coloured race in this country, and he certainly handled it with masterly ability and eloquence.

On the following day, the Society met for business. We learn that but few persons were present. According to reports in the papers, a plan of tract publication and colportage was adopted, and a vote passed to raise $40,000 during the year to carry it out. It was announced that $13,500 of this sum had been pledged.

Mr. Lewis Tappan, according to the *Tribune*, read a note received from Harriet Beecher Stowe, explaining that she thought that Liberia, now a fixed fact, and entirely separate from the Colonisation Society, ought not to be disregarded by the coloured people; but concluding with an assurance that she was "not a Colonisationist."

Mr. Bacon, Mrs. Stowe's Secretary, is reported as having given an explanation of that lady's views on the subject of Liberia. She had intended in "The Key" to have published a Chapter on it, and to explain away the impression unexpectedly made by the book itself; but the size of "The Key" had so increased as she proceeded, that she had not space to do so. She had it in contemplation to publish such matter separately. He need scarcely tell them that Mrs. Stowe had the nicest regard for the feelings of the coloured people themselves. She had no sympathy with the Colonisation Society, but with the whole coloured race, whether in Canada, the West Indies or in Liberia. But she looked to Liberia as one of the means of elevating them; so that while she could point to a Frederick Douglass in this country, she might point also to a President Roberts in Liberia. They had held their places and maintained their standing when placed in a position to do so before their vaunted superiors; and knowing now their feelings against it, and that there was a demand at home for men of talent to be found amongst them, she would not advise all to go to Liberia. Mrs. Stowe had told him that if she were to write "Uncle Tom" again, she would not send George Harris to Liberia. She thought, however, that they would there—in Freedom—establish a good name and fame which would be important in its reaction, in abolishing distinctions of caste; and she looked to the Colony as one of the great agents by which the coloured race were to be elevated and dignified, in the eyes of the lofty and contemptuous Saxon.

Mrs. Stowe in London.—The English papers mention Mr. Stowe's arrival in London, and report her reception there. A dinner has been given her by the Lord Mayor, and a reception at Stafford House, where the following are mentioned as among those present:

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Argyle, the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, the Earl of Carlisle, the Right Hon. W. Gladstone, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Archbishop of Dublin, Mrs. and Miss Whately, Lord Ebrington, Lord Blantyre, Mr. Russell Gurney, Lord Claude Hamilton, Lord Glenelg, the Dean of St. Paul's, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Cumming, the Bishop of Oxford, the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Kinnaird, the Dowager Countess of Carlisle, Mr. and the Misses J. W. Alexander, the Earl of Harrowby, Mr. and Miss Gurney, the Chevalier Bunsen, Mrs. Mary Howitt, Lady Dover, Rev. P. Latrobe, Mr. E. Bunsen, Mrs. and Miss Benson, Rev. Mr. Beecher, Sir Robert H. Inglis, the Right Hon. H. Labouchere, Colonel M'Lean, the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, Mr. Monckton Milnes, the Hon. W. Ashley, Sir David Dundas, the Hon. C. Howard, Captain J. Trotter, Dr. and Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Grainger, the Rev. R. Burgess, the Rev. T. Binney and Mrs. Binney, Sir E. N. Buxton, Mr. Fowell Buxton, the Rev. Dr. Steane, Mr. Grant, &c.

Mr. Stowe was introduced to the assembly by the Duke of Sutherland, and the Earl of Shaftesbury read and presented to her the following address:

"Madam: I am deputed by the Duchess of Sutherland and the ladies of the two committees appointed to conduct 'The Address of the Women of England to the Women of America on the subject of Slavery,' to express the high gratification they feel in your presence among them this day.

"The address, which has received considerably more than half a million signatures of the women of Great Britain and Ireland, they have already transmitted to the United States, consigned to the care of those whom you have nominated as fit and zealous persons to undertake the charge in your absence.

"The earnest desire of these committees, and, indeed, we may say of the whole kingdom, is to cultivate the most friendly and affectionate relations between the two countries, and we cannot but believe that we are fostering such a feeling when we avow our deep admiration of an American lady who, blessed by the possession of vast genius and intellectual power, enjoys the still higher blessing that she devotes them to the glory of God and the temporal and eternal interest of the human race."

To this the Rev. Mr. Beecher replied. His speech is not reported, but seems to have consisted mainly of a letter from C. M. Clay to his sister. This, for want of room, we are compelled to omit. Refreshments were then served, after which the ladies retired, and, in the saloon, Mrs. Stowe, seated between the Duchess of Sutherland and Argyle (continues the report), entered into conversation with her numerous visitors. She seems rather to have made a little speech, as follows:

"The ladies of England are not at all aware of the real state of feeling of the ladies of America on the subject of Slavery; it must not be judged of by the answers sent to the address, nor by the statements in the American newspapers. The ladies of England seem not to be at all aware of the deep feeling of sympathy with which Uncle Tom's Cabin was received in America long before it was known in England. The press in America had invariably spoken highly of Uncle Tom's Cabin; the first word that ever appeared in print against Uncle Tom's Cabin was the article in the *Times*. This was re-printed and re-echoed in our papers, and widely circulated in the form of a tract. The bitterness and anger manifested against the ladies' address showed how much its force had enraged the advocates of Slavery.

You in England are happily ignorant of Slavery; yet that address has shown your sympathy, and sympathy is very sweet. There is no bitter feeling really between the ladies of the two countries, but the ladies of America cannot, because of their husbands' personal and political feeling, stand forth and say what they feel on that subject. Some have said that Uncle Tom's Cabin is now forgotten; but it should be mentioned that 60,000 copies of the Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin were sold in three days. The practical question is, what can be done to forward this great work? I look first to God; but man also can do something. Sympathy must continue to be expressed, British subjects in Canada must be educated, the use of free-grown cotton must be encouraged—such are the ways in which this great work may be aided by the people of England—remembering that, after all, the issue is in the hands of Him who ordereth all things."

Mr. Phillips' Speech.—The *Independent* closes a brief, but otherwise fair, report of the Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society with the following remark:

"Wendell Phillips, Esq., for nearly an hour chained the attention of the crowded audience, by the beauty of his diction, the gracefulness of his utterance, the power of his logic, and the scathing severity of his rebukes, *while he shocked and disgusted the mass of his hearers by the fierceness of his denunciations of what they love and venerate in the history of our ancestors and the institutions they have bequeathed to us.*"

Will the *Independent* do us the favour to inform us *what it was*, in the "history of our ancestors and the institutions they have bequeathed to us," besides Slavery, that Mr. Phillips denounced. Let us have the specifications. That Mr. Phillips "shocked and disgusted" anybody save the friends and apologists of Slavery, we do not believe. That some who were present thought his views erroneous is probable; that they were very distasteful to the rowdies, who showed their character by hissing, we well know; but the *Independent* has not heretofore been supposed to be in sympathy with this latter class, and we confess our surprise at seeing in its columns such an allusion to Mr. Phillips as that above quoted.

Fugitive Slaves in Jamaica.—In the current news of the last week was a statement, just received from Kingston, Jamaica, of the arrival of the American Steamer Paraguay at that port, from Charleston, with two fugitives concealed on board. The account generally was meagre, and confined to a bare statement of the fact, without giving any of the more interesting particulars. The steamer providentially, as it would seem put into Kingston for want of coal, having been previously driven into Charleston by stress of weather. Her direct voyage, had she pursued it, would have been from this port to some port in South America, so that it was only by a double accident that these fugitives were enabled to make use of her to secure their freedom. The discovery at Kingston that there were two fugitive slaves on board the steamer caused a good deal of excitement, which was very much aggravated by the subsequent conduct of the Captain of the vessel, and the United States Consul. A rumour was circulated that one man, or more, was still confined in the vessel, after the slaves were released. Nor was it, by any means clear, that such was not the fact, notwithstanding the Captain's denial, as he would not permit any examination to be made to prove the statement to be without foundation.

That so little has been said about this incident, in our papers, shows that the public here if not satisfied, are, at least, compelled to acquiesce in the fixed policy of Great Britain in relation to fugitive slaves. A few years since quite a different state of public feeling would have been manifest, and demands would have been made that the British Government should be called upon to restore the fugitives or their equivalent. It is encouraging that it is now considered clearly useless to insist upon such a demand.

We copy below, from the (Kingston) *Morning Journal*, of April 27th, a full account of this affair. It will be observed that one of the fugitives was the son of his master, and this fact, in connection with the whole proceedings, will make the case one that will excite a good deal of interest abroad. This Government would do a very unwise thing to make any talk about it:

Great excitement prevailed in this City yesterday, on account of the Steamer Paraguay, from Charleston, United States, having two coloured slaves on board. It appears that two men, slaves in Charleston, hearing the Steamer Paraguay, was about to sail for South America, a free port, managed by some means to smuggle themselves on board, for the purpose of claiming their liberty on the arrival of the steamer at South America; but the steamer falling short of coals put into this port for a supply. A coloured young man of this city, in the employ of Andrew Scott, Esq., happened to go on board of the steamer for the purpose of having a look at her machinery and accommodations, saw these two young men, who communicated to him the fact that they were slaves and desirous of claiming their liberty; whereupon the visitor, Mr. Grego (we believe) immediately came on shore and reported the matter to the authorities; Mr. Leake was then informed of it, and he immediately went on board and demanded the two young men, who were readily given up. They were then conducted to the Court House to await the arrival of the magistrate, for the purpose of investigating into the matter. By this time the report gained circulation, and a crowd of considerable number assembled in front of the Court House, all desirous of hearing the investigation. Shortly after, Mr. Willis, (the Stipendiary Magistrate) arrived, and took his seat on the bench, followed by Mr. Harrison, the American Consul, and a Mr. Hopkins, the owner of the steamer. The matter was about being investigated in the Police Court, but the rush of the populace was so great that the magistrates were compelled to adjourn into the apartment used as the Grand Jury Room. Even here the crowd followed and blocked up the windows, and all the persuasion of the Police could not induce them to disperse, until the use of the Water Company's hose was resorted to, discharging as it did a copious and continued shower of water. A little order being restored, the investigation was proceeded with, when the following statement on oath was elicited:

H. A. Hardy, sworn—I came to Jamaica in the Steamer Paraguay, which arrived here on Sunday morning; I am a native of Georgia in the United States Georgia is a slave State; I followed the occupation of waiter on board the small Steamboats; I am a slave of my father at Georgia, my father is a white man, my father's name is Noble A. Hardy; he is a Cotton factor in Savannah, Georgia; I am twenty-two years of age; I was in Augusta at the time my father sold my mother; she was a slave of my father, I can't say whether she is alive or dead; I heard that she was sold now about sixteen or eighteen years; she was sold in Burke county, State of Georgia; she was a slave; she is a woman a shade lighter than black (the witness described her as a *mestee* meaning a *sambo*); my father is not married to my mother; I am late from Charleston, I have been there about ten years; I followed the occupation of waiter on board the small boats; I got eight dollars a month, and I paid it to the firm of Riggol in Charleston, for the benefit of Noble A. Hardy, my father and owner. I went on board the Steamer Paraguay at Charleston at about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, the 16th instant, nobody knew at the time that I was going away but the Steward; he stowed me away in the lower cabin; the lower cabin is now used as a store room; I remained there till Sunday morning, when the Steward came down to me and told me that the Captain wanted to see me, and took me up to him; the Captain then asked me if I was free, and I replied yes, because I was afraid he would put me ashore if I said I was not free; I acted as steward on board the vessel; this is the first port we have touched at since leaving Charleston. William Lewis went on board at Charleston the same time I did; my object for going on board was for the purpose of achieving my liberty; I am desirous of remaining here (Jamaica) because I don't like Mr. Hopkins, the owner of the vessel (the witness merely asserted this as an excuse, but his sole object was the attainment of that great boon, the blessing of liberty) I admitted having said to the Consul, the owner, and Mr. Hitchins, this morning, that I was free, but I merely said so because I was ignorant of the laws of this country, and I was afraid if I said I was a slave they would put me in irons; I cannot write, but I can read a little.

William Lewis, sworn—I am not a passenger on board the Paraguay, but I came here in her; I went on board the Paraguay with Hardy at Charleston; I smuggled myself the same as Hardy, only the Steward knew of it; the ship came here on Sunday. I was a slave at Charleston; I attained my twenty second year on the 7th of March last; I was born in Charleston a slave; my mother is a slave; my father is not married to my mother; my mother is a black woman and alive at Charleston; I worked on the steamers as a waiter; I was a slave to S. H. Mortom, an Insurance broker at Charleston; I got fifteen dollars a month for my services; the parties who hired me paid that amount to my master, Mr. Mortom. I went on board the steamer for the purpose of gaining my liberty; I was stowed away in the store-room with Hardy; I saw the Captain on the following day, I told him that I was free because I thought if they were short of hands they would allow me to stay and work on board; I was a slave; the vessel left Charleston for South America, but put in here for coals; I wish to remain here (Jamaica) and not to go on with the vessel (the witness was able to sign his name).

John Chancey Bailey, the Steward of the Steamer Paraguay, was next called and sworn—I am a Steward of the Steamer Paraguay; I did not know either Hardy or Lewis in Charleston; I saw them on board the steamer after I came out of *prison*; it was the Thursday previous to the sailing of the vessel that I saw them. I was confined in *prison* till within two days of the vessel's sailing, according to the laws of the State, being a coloured man; I am a native of America, of the State of New York; I never saw Hardy or Lewis before the day I saw them on board the Steamboat; I don't know anything of their origin or history; Lewis told me that he was engaged to come on board by a Steward, and Hardy said that he was accompanying his friend Lewis; I asked them if they were free men, and they said they were; to-day is the first that I have heard that they are slaves; I had nothing to do with their being inveigled away from Charleston; this is all I know of the matter.

The magistrates thought that Baily (the Steward) was innocent of the smuggling away of them, and expressed such their opinion to the American Consul, Mr. Harrison.

Mr. Harrison, the Consul, addressing Baily, said, he was glad for his (Baily's) sake, that he had come off with such flying colours, as to be declared innocent of inveigling a slave from his master, for the American laws were so strict, that if the charge was proven against him he would be liable to a fine of ten hundred dollars, or imprisonment for five, eight or ten years.

The two men, Hardy and Lewis were then set at liberty by the Justices, and they were received by the populace with acclamation.

Just after their liberation, two young men came into the Court House and reported that the other Steward, a coloured man, was placed in irons on board the steamer, and all communication with persons on shore forbidden by the Captain. This, together with the refusal of the Steward (who is a free man) to return on board the steamer, exasperated the populace to an alarming extent, and we were apprehensive that the owner of the vessel (Mr. Hopkins) would have been assaulted when he told the Steward that he would be treated as a deserter if he refused to return to the vessel.

The Consul and owner then left the Court House, followed by an immense crowd, consisting principally of women, who hooted and hissed them on their way to the wharf of Messrs. Hitchins and Co., where the steamer was lying.

To ascertain the correctness of the report relative to a man being in irons, our Reporter visited the wharf and saw two or three persons (white men) standing at the gangway of the vessel, and one of them told him that they had strict orders from the Captain not to allow any one from the shore, on board the vessel. He then left the wharf, and enquired of Mr. Hitchins at the counting-house, if such was the fact, when that gentleman corroborated the statement made by the person at the wharf. The American Consul, Mr. Harrison, stepped in afterwards, and our Reporter told him of the report that was current, about a man being placed in irons for giving information to a person from the shore that there were slaves on board the steamer, when he replied that the report was untrue, and that he could take his word for it, but that he (the Consul) had given orders to prevent any one from the shore visiting the vessel, and therefore no one would be allowed on board to witness anything whereby they could confirm or deny the report; the Consul also added emphatically, that if he were in the Captain's stead, *he would shoot the first man that attempted to go on board the vessel* without permission.

The above is a correct report of what took place, and we have published it without offering any comment, leaving the public to decide, whether (from what we have stated, and Mr. Harrison's denial) there were any one on board the Steamer Paraguay in irons.

Slave-Hunters Defeated.—A correspondent of the *Tribune* writes as follows from Columbia, Pa., under date of May 3d:

In passing along the shore this morning I observed that the negroes were in an unusually good humour. I inquired of one of them what it meant. He says, "Cim, haven't you heard the news?" I answered "No." "Why, the United States Deputy Marshals, together with two assistants, came to town yesterday in the cars, for the purpose of escorting three of our men to the 'Rural Districts' of Old Virginia. Two of the three, having families in town, upon reflection came to the conclusion that they would rather not accompany the Union-savers, but would take the cars that night, which they did, and by this time they are far on their way to Canada." It is unnecessary to say that the Railroad upon which they travelled is called the "underground." Yours, truly, Cimron.

Death of Jesse Hutchinson.—The Telegraph announces the death of Jesse Hutchinson at a Water-Cure Establishment near Cincinnati. He has, recently returned from California, whither he went with a company of vocalists, known as "The Alleghanians," and died, we presume, from disease contracted in that country. We have pleasant recollections of Jesse when, years ago, he would extemporise, almost, an Anti-Slavery Song in a Boston meeting, and, 'with his nest of brothers with a sister in it'—as Mary Howitt said of them—would spring upon the stage and pour it out in melodious notes, intensified and deepened by the enthusiasm which characterized the family, and which never failed to manifest itself toward Anti-Slavery. It was usually, however, as a business-man rather than as a singer that he accompanied the 'Family,' and it was, we suppose, in this capacity that he went with the Company referred to, to California.

A Blunder.—The *Wesleyan*, noticing the correspondence between Messrs. Mann and Phillips, begins with saying that it "began in an assault of Mr. Phillips in a speech, which denied Mr. Mann's claims to be considered an Anti-Slavery man," &c. We cannot suppose that the *Wesleyan* meant to state what is untrue, and yet it has done so in this remark. Mr. Phillips has never intimated a doubt that his opponent is fairly entitled to be considered an Anti-Slavery man. The controversy relates to points involving no such question.

Hon. J. R. Giddings and Hon. Salmon P. Chase are travelling in Southern Ohio, making political Anti-Slavery speeches to prepare the people for the next State election. We are glad to see this evidence that our Free Soil friends in Ohio are in earnest.

Hon. John P. Hale, we are glad to learn, has taken up his residence in this city, and opened an office for the practice of his profession, at No. 35 Wall street. It is said that he has withdrawn entirely from politics, but we have the fullest confidence that he does not intend to withdraw from the Anti-Slavery movement.

EXTRADITION OF FUGITIVE SLAVES.

[Concluded from the number of May 12th.]

Closely connected with the subject of the extradition of fugitive slaves is the sanction which Slavery is supposed to have in other parts of the Constitution. The articles obnoxious to this suspicion are, first, that which determines the apportionment of representatives; second, that which regulates the migration or importation of certain persons; and, third, that which confers upon Congress the power to call out the militia to suppress insurrection. These articles must be considered to prepare the way for a few arguments of a positive character with regard to the general relation of Slavery to the Constitution.

While the fact of Slavery exists in this nation, the '*other persons*,' three-fifths of whom are enumerated with the whole number of free persons to form the basis of representation, refers undoubtedly to the slaves. It was evidently so intended; it was from the first so practically interpreted. The state of Slavery of this class is not, however, directly alluded to; it is in no way sanctioned, and no obstacle is interposed in the way of diminishing the numbers of this anomalous class, or of dispensing with it entirely. The article is, in part, of the nature of a property qualification, in part a half recognition of the political rights of the slaves, and altogether a clumsy compromise betwixt incoherent political ideas, the first of a disreputable series. Its practical inequality is an evil, which the free States *suffer*, not one which they *do*. My bad neighbour, who sells rum, carries nineteen of his customers into town meeting, and votes down my measures of town reform, twenty to one. The pro-slavery politicians take the political field and buy up, with bribes of offices, all the able, ambitious men, and, by their better discipline and greater outlay of *material aid*, carry fugitive slave laws and Texan annexations against the conscience and better judgment of the people. Shall I refrain from voting because the political system under which we live gives them power disproportionate to my own? They cannot consistently complain of the superior influence given to slaveholders in the counsels of the nation, who refuse to exercise what political influence they have.

As for the article regulating "the migration or importation of such persons as any of the States *then* existing shall think proper to admit," whatever latent iniquity may have lurked in the language (for none is apparent, the terms being as applicable to German emigrants as to African slaves) has been, forty years since, purged by the limitation named in the article, and by the nation's repentance. It is *functus officio*, and has no application to the constitutional allegiance of the present generation.

The power to suppress insurrection is one of the necessary incidents of national sovereignty. The government would be defective as a system without such a power. There are other insurrections besides those of slaves. The power authorized by the Constitution has never been exercised by Congress, though a similar one has several times been assumed by the President, but not to suppress servile insurrections. It lies wholly in the discretion of Congress whether to exercise this power or not. When an insurrection shall occur, each representative will vote upon the question of calling in military force as his views of expediency and justice shall dictate. Had Congress seen fit to compel South Carolina to support the high tariff system, instead of compromising with her, or to compel Texas to do justice to New Mexico instead of buying off her hostility with $10,000,000, could the representatives of those States who, believing them in a just cause, should vote against measures of force, be censured for violating their constitutional oath?—Should the slaves in this country ever be arrayed in warfare against their masters, it might become a grave question which was the insurrection, that which had our own revolution for a precedent, and the ideas of our democracy for a sanction, or that which is itself a continual *rising against* and perpetual war upon the most sacred rights of humanity.

The article of the Constitution requiring the United States to protect the individual States against "domestic violence" has the same reference to rebellion against the State which that just discussed has to rebellion against the nation. When the arm of the general government is called in aid, the whole subject in controversy comes before the discretion of the government. In case of invasion from a *foreign* enemy, there is no choice of measures; the subject is to be protected from *foreign* aggression at all events; but in the case of the internal commotion, both combatants are subjects and entitled to paternal protection. The rebels may be a band of depredators armed against the good order of the State, or they may be the great mass of virtuous citizens, vindicating their rights against usurpers of the government. In the case of Slavery, with its perpetual terror, its patrols and dogs, its whips and brandings, its ruffian invasion of household ties, the constitutional phraseology of "domestic violence" seems appositely illustrated.

I have only incidentally and superficially discussed the foregoing points, lying out of the limits of the main subject, for the purpose of advancing to some positive statements. The American revolution was achieved not to secure the privileges of a race, but to vindicate the rights of man. Calling God and the nations to witness, our ancestors solemnly asserted the principles of equality embodied in the Declaration of Independence as the platform of their action, the basis of their national existence. Heaven heard their solemn pledges and gave success, not to their ambition, but to their ideas. In the national constitution, whatever may be said of the constitutions of the States, they embodied a form of government essentially *republican*. The people have so understood it, learning it from mothers' lips, reading it in their school books, and hearing it reiterated in universal national oratory and song. The world has so understood it, and held us to account for our practical unfaithfulness to the ideas of our government. This is the spirit of American history, and the incongruous facts must accommodate themselves to it. This nation was not builded upon a monstrous and cruel lie; it has lived, it has grown, it has achieved its measure of fame and power by what of truth and righteousness it possessed. To doubt this, is to reject the divine agency in history.

Besides proposing for its direct objects "the establishment of justice, the insuring of domestic tranquillity, the promotion of the general welfare, and the security of liberty," as it does in the preamble, the constitution contains guaranties, and recognises principles, which of themselves abolish Slavery.

"*The United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of government.*" Art. 4, sec. 4. Can that form of government be *republican* in which three-fourths or one-half of the people are chattellized slaves?

"*The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated.*" Amendments: Art. 4. If this article protects me from enslavement, why should it not likewise William and Ellen Craft?

"*No person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law.*" Amendments: Art. 5. If *people* in the preceding section applies to a favoured caste corresponding to the Athenian *Demos*, surely the significance of *person* in this is sufficiently comprehensive to embrace every slave. Where is the *due process of law*, or any *process of law*, by which three million American labourers are deprived of their liberty and property?

For about fifty years, there have been no amendments of the national constitution. Within that period nearly every State in the Union has formed or revised its constitution, each new instrument for the most part recognising some new principle of a broader democracy, and adapting itself to the latest discoveries in political science. But the national constitution, which its own framers put forth with grave misgivings, which some of the best patriots in the Convention refused to ratify, has come to be considered (thanks mainly to its bad interpretation) as the last evangel of political inspiration, not to be altered or amended without sacrilege. This sentiment, in the ever-changing exigencies of society, the new wants of succeeding generations, the change in national habits, the fluctuations of commerce and the culture of the race, would cause serious inconvenience were it not that legislation has worn for itself a channel of interpretation very much wider and freer. Indeed, practically, the same interpretation has been applied to the American written constitution as to the English unwritten constitution. Whatever the nation has deemed necessary or desirable has come to be considered constitutional. When the people wished to have the executive offices made the spoils of party success, it was done, although the constitution gave the President no more power to remove the subordinate officers than the subordinate officers to remove the President. When the nation wished to purchase Louisiana and to annex Texas, it forthwith became constitutional to do so. When they wished to hunt slaves in the free States, *habeas corpus*, *trial by jury*, and all the fundamental principles of the constitution itself, stood aside to make a clear track.

Unconstitutionality has been the great *bugaboo* of politicians. Whatever is opposed to a man's personal or class interests, he denounces as *unconstitutional*, although the constitution may be as silent upon every subject having the remotest connection with it as the Decalogue, and the framers of the constitution had no more conception of the measure than of the electric telegraph. The bloated drunkard, with angry face and clenched fist, declaims against all laws interfering with his bottle as dangerous violations of the constitution. Some drunken ruffians seem to imagine that they have a constitutional right to flog their wives, and that they are honouring the national laws by exercising it. Just as Southern scoundrels think they are vindicating the constitution and saving the Union in flogging their slaves, and Northern scoundrels in catching them and sending them back for such purpose.

It might not be safe to follow either the statesmen's or the popular ideas in applying the constitution to legislation. But the propagandists of Slavery might well be alarmed to see to what extent they have furnished precedents for direct Congressional interference with the condition of the enslaved. The substantial political equality of the people is the basis of the constitution and Union. The security of popular liberty, so far as it was secured by the revolution, was achieved by the people in their *national* capacity. In their *national* capacity they must complete that revolution, and make that liberty universal. When every individual has been raised to the dignity of manhood, they may be left to form such communities and States as their local wants may require. Too long has the American government, while boasting itself a republic, and parading before the world sounding pretensions of liberty, left a whole race, now numerous enough for a nation, helpless in the hands of a superior race, having two most powerful passions impelling them to oppress and degrade them, *hatred* and *love of gain*. Too long has the government evaded the reproaches of the civilized world, by denying that they have the power to remove from their midst an injustice, crying to Heaven, one-thousandth part of which, inflicted by a foreign nation, would have thrown the land into convulsions of war. *Where there is a will, there is a way:* the will will at last find the way.

T.

DONATIONS

TO THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, AT THE ANNUAL MEETING.

Mary S. Hoag,	North Easton, N. Y.	$3 00
Lucy Marriot, Maria Marriot, Margaret M. Hyatt,	Hudson, N. Y.	10 00
Joseph A. Dugdale,	Kennett, Square, Pa.	10 00
Hannah Purvis,	Byberry, Pa.	5 00
Oliver Johnson,	New York,	1 00
Moses Kidder,	Woodstock, Vt.	1 00
Edmund Quincy,	Dedham, Mass.	2 00
Anne Weston Weymouth,		1 00
Mrs. Rose,	New York,	0 50
M. B. Linton,	Newtown, Pa.	0 50
Joseph Mathews,	No. 18 Green St. N. Y.	0 18
Marcia Hammond,	N. A. Phalanx, N. J.	0 25
Henrietta M. Johnson,	262 Hicks St., Brooklyn,	5 00
Rowland Johnson,	54 Beaver St., N. Y.	5 00
M. B. Harrington,	Piermont, N. Y.	1 00
Donald Ferguson,	Mt. Bernard, N. Y.	1 00
J. Howe,	Jersey City,	0 50
A. Hoffman,	No. 5 Thomas St.,	0 50
Elizabeth Peters,	No. 8 Thomas St.,	0 50
Wm. Henry Burr,	New York,	1 00
E. M. Davis,	Philadelphia,	5 00
H. C. Davis,	"	1 00
Thomas Truesdell,	Brooklyn,	3 00
Mrs. H. B. S. Redway,		1 00
Maria M. Davis,	Philadelphia,	5 00
Anna C. Davis,	"	1 00
J. F. Cleveland,	N. Y.	1 00
S. May, Jr.,	Boston,	1 00
Mary H. Hallowell,	Rochester,	1 00
Mary Harper,	Albany,	0 25
Ashby Pearce,	Syracuse, Oregon Territory,	5 00
Mary A. Griffin,		0 25
John Jackson,		1 00
C. R. Le Baron,	15 Laight St., N. Y.	5 00
W. R. Bliss,	Boston, Mass.	1 00
Bourne Spooner,	Plymouth, Mass.	5 00
E. L. Baldwin,	15 Laight St., N. Y.	0 50
W. Verrinder,	Jersey City,	0 50
Job H. Wilbur,	North Easton, N. Y.	0 50
Wm. Walley,	N. Y.	1 00
W. H. Topp,	Albany,	5 00
Edward Spalding,	Plainfield, Ct.	1 00
Thomas McClintock,	Waterloo, N. Y.	3 00
E. D. Hudson,	Springfield, Mass.	5 00
Joseph Carpenter,	Mamaroneck, N. Y.	6 00
C. M. & M. J. Scarlet,	Frostville, Pa.	1 00
T. P. Nichols,	Brooklyn, N. Y.	1 00
James Peirce,	Pleasantville, N. Y.	1 00
Joseph Peirce,	" "	1 50
Lucy Stone,	Brookfield, Mass.	1 00
Asa Cutter,	Quinebaugh, Ct.	1 00
Sarah H. Marshall,	N. Y.	1 00
Richard Willis,	Babylon, L. I.	1 00
Wm. R. Hallowell,	Rochester,	5 00
Edward O. Clark,		1 00
J. Barton,	Middle Haddam, Ct.	1 00
Mary Foster,	Canandaigua, N. Y.	1 00
Freeman Murrow,		0 25
J. Roberts,		1 00
Ashby Pearce,	Syracuse, Oregon Territory,	3 80
E. L. S. Briggs,		2 00
S. S. Briggs,		2 00
Wendell Phillips,	Boston,	2 00
Elizabeth Gay,	N. Y.	1 00
S. H. Gay,	"	1 00
Wm. Lloyd Garrison,	Boston,	1 00
Cash,		9 07
		$147 65

PLEDGES.

Francis Jackson,	Boston,	$200 00
W. A. Hall,	Brooklyn,	150 00
L. Wetmore,	New York,	150 00
"	[For Office-Expenses]	50 00
Wendell Phillips,	Boston,	100 00
C. F. Hovey,	"	100 00
Edmund Quincy,	Dedham, Mass.	100 00
Samuel May, Jr.	Leicester, Mass.	20 00
Otis B. Potter,	New York,	20 00
Rufus T. King,	"	5 00
Alfred Gibbs Campbell,	Paterson, N. J.	5 00
Phillip D. Moore,	Newark, N. J.	5 00
Joseph Port,	North Hempstead, L. I.	10 00
Mary Post,	" " "	5 00
Catherine Post,	" " "	5 00
Augustus Norris,	No. 48 Hudson St.	5 00
Robert John Johnston,	No. 78 Broome St	5 00
John Jackson,	No 161 West Broadway,	10 00
Jacob Francis,	" "	10 00
Wm. R. Foster,	Canandaigua	5 00
		$960 00

RECAPITULATION.

Donations,	$147 65
Pledges,	960 00
Total	$1,107 65

Call for a Coloured National Convention.

Fellow Citizens: In the exercise of a liberty which, we hope, you will not deem unwarrantable, and which is given us, in virtue of our connection and identity with you, the undersigned do hereby, most earnestly and affectionately, invite you, by your appropriate and chosen representatives, to assemble at Rochester, N. Y., on the 6th of July, 1853, under the form and title of a National Convention of the free people of colour of the United States.

After due thought and reflection upon the subject, in which has entered a profound desire to serve a common cause, we have arrived at the conclusion, that the time has now fully come when the free coloured people from all parts of the United States, should meet together, to confer and deliberate upon their present condition, and upon principles and measures important to their welfare, progress and general improvement.

The aspects of our cause, whether viewed as being hostile or friendly, are alike full of argument in favour of such a Convention. Both reason and feeling have assigned to us a place in the conflict now going on in our land, between liberty and equality on the one hand, and Slavery and caste on the other—a place which we cannot fail to occupy without branding ourselves as unworthy of our natural post, and recreant to the cause we profess to love. Under the whole heavens, there is not to be found a people which can show better cause for assembling in such Convention than we.

Our fellow-countrymen now in chains, to whom we are united in a common destiny, demand it; and a wide solicitude for our own honour, and that of our children, impel us to this course of action. We have gross and flagrant wrongs against which, if we are men of spirit, we are bound to protest. We have high and holy rights, which every instinct of human nature and every sentiment of manly virtue bid us to preserve and protect to the full extent of our ability. We have opportunities to improve—difficulties peculiar to our condition to meet—mistakes and errors of our own to correct—and therefore we need the accumulated knowledge, the united character, and the combined wisdom of our people to make us (under God) sufficient for these things. The Fugitive Slave Act, the most cruel, unconstitutional and scandalous outrage of modern times—the proscriptive legislation of several States with a view to drive our people from their borders—the exclusion of our children from schools supported by our money—the prohibition of the franchise—the exclusion of coloured citizens from the jury box—the social barriers erected against our learning trades—the wily and vigorous efforts of the American Colonisation Society to employ the arm of government to expel us from our native land—and withal the propitious awakening to the fact of our condition at home and abroad, which has followed the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—call trumpet-tongued for our Union, co-operation and action in the premises.

Convinced that the number amongst us must be small, who so far miscalculate and undervalue the importance of united and intelligent moral action, as to regard it as useless, the undersigned do not feel called upon here for an argument in its favour. Our warfare is not one where force can be employed; we battle against false and hurtful customs, and against the great errors and opinions which support such customs. Nations are more and more subject to the enlightened and energetically expressed judgment of mankind. On the subject of our own condition and welfare, we may safely and properly appeal to that judgment. Let us meet, then, near the anniversary of this nation's independence, and enforce anew the great principles and self-evident truths which were proclaimed at the beginning of the Republic.

Among the matters which will engage the attention of the Convention, will be a proposition to establish a National Council of our people with a view to permanent existence. This subject is one of vast importance, and should only be disposed of in the light of wise deliberation. There will come before the Convention matters touching the disposition of such funds as our friends abroad, through Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, may appropriate to the cause of our progress and improvement. In a word, the whole field of our interests will be opened to enquiry, investigation and determination.

That this may be done successfully, it is desirable that each delegate to the Convention should bring with him an accurate statement as to the number of coloured inhabitants in his town or neighbourhood—the amount of property owned by them—their business or occupation—the state of education—the return of their school privileges, and number of children in attendance, and any other information which may serve the great purposes of the Convention.

In order that no community shall be represented beyond its due proportion, it is intended that the Convention shall only be composed of regularly chosen delegates, appointed by public meetings, and bearing credentials signed by the President of said meetings.

It is recommended that all coloured churches, literary and other societies, banded together for laudable purposes, proceed at once to the appointment of at least one, and not more than three, delegates to attend the National Convention. Such persons as come from towns, villages or counties, where no regular delegate may have been chosen, shall be received and enrolled as honorary members of the Convention.

James W. C. Pennington,	New York City.
Henry M. Wilson,	"
Charles B. Ray,	"
James McCune Smith,	"
William J. Wilson,	Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miscellaneous Department.

SPEECH DELIVERED BY VICTOR HUGO,

AT THE GRAVE OF A FRENCH REFUGEE, IN THE ISLAND OF JERSEY.

[Translated for the Evening Post.]

In the last days of April, the French refugees in the isle of Jersey followed one of their comrades to the field of final repose—Victor Hugo had been requested to pronounce, in the name of all, the last farewell. His discourse was as follows:

Citizens: The man to whom we have come to say the last farewell, Jean Bosquet, of Fara et Garonne, was a noble soldier of democracy. We have seen him, an inflexible exile, waste away sorrowfully among us. A yearning for home was gnawing at his heart; he felt that the recollection of all he had left behind him was slowly poisoning him; he might have seen again his absent friends, the beloved places—his native city, his house: He had but to say a word. That execrable humiliation which M. Bonaparte calls amnesty, or pardon, was offered to him; he honestly rejected it—and he is dead. He was only thirty-four years of age. And now—there he lies.

I will not add praises to this simple life, to this grand death. Let him repose in peace in this obscure grave, where the earth will soon cover him, and whence his soul has gone to seek the eternal hopes of the tomb.

Let him sleep here, this republican; and let the people know that there are still proud and pure hearts devoted to its cause. Let the republic know that men will perish rather than forsake her. Let France know that men die, because they can see her no more.

Let him sleep, this patriot, in the land of the stranger! And we, his companions in conflict and in adversity, we, who closed his eyes; if his native city, his family, his friends ask us: "Where is he?" we will answer: "Dead in exile!" as the soldiery, when the name of Latour d'Auvergne was called, answered: "Dead on the field of honour!"

Citizens! To-day, in France, apostacy is joyous. The old land of the 14th of July and of the 10th of August, assists at the hideous spread of treason, and at the triumphal march of traitors. Not one unworthy action which is not immediately rewarded. A mayor breaks the law—he is made a prefect; a soldier dishonours his flag—he is made a general; a priest sells his religion—he is made a bishop; a judge prostitutes justice—he is made a senator; a prince, an adventurer, commits every crime, from the base trick which would shame a pickpocket, to the cruelty which would make an assassin shudder—and he becomes an emperor. Around and about these men are the sounds of triumphal music, bouquets, and dancing, addresses, applause, and genuflexions. Servility comes to congratulate ignominy.

Citizens! These men have their festivals; well—we, too, have ours. When one of the companions of our banishment, wasted by home-sickness, exhausted by the slow fever of old habits broken up, and affections lacerated, gives way at last, and dies after having drunk to the dregs all the agonies of proscription, we follow his bier covered with a black cloth; we come to the side of his grave; we, too, kneel, not to success, but to the tomb; we bend over our buried brother, and we say to him: "Friend, we congratulate thee because thou has been valiant; we congratulate thee because thou hast been generous and intrepid; we congratulate thee because thou hast offered up to thy republican faith the last breath of thy body, the last pulsation of thy heart; we congratulate thee because thou hast suffered; we congratulate thee that thou art dead!" Then we raise our heads again, and we move away, our hearts full of a sombre joy. Such are the festivals of exiles. This is the austere and serene thought which is at the bottom of our souls; and in the presence of this sepulchre, of this grief which seems to swallow up a man, the presence of this appearance of annihilation, we feel ourselves strengthened in our principles and in our convictions. The man whose mind is made up, never treads more firmly than on the shifting soil of the tomb. And our eyes fixed upon this dead body, upon this being who has faded away, upon this shadow which has vanished, we, unshaken believers, glorify that which is immortal, and that which is eternal: Liberty and God.

Yes—God! Never should a tomb be closed, until this great, this living word has fallen into it! The dead claim it, and we are not the men to refuse it. Let the free and religious people amongst whom we live understand well that the men of progress, the men of democracy, the men of revolution, know that the destiny of the soul is two-fold: and that the abnegation they show in this life proves how profoundly they rely upon another.

Their faith in this grand and mysterious future resists even the repulsive spectacle which the enslaved Catholic clergy has presented since the second of December. At this moment, Roman papism startles the human conscience. Yes, I say it—and my heart is full of bitterness when I think of so much abjectness and shame: these priests who, for money, for palaces, for crosses and mitres, for the love of temporal goods, bless and glorify perjury, murder and treason—these churches, where *Te Deums* are sung in honour of crowned crime—yes, these churches and these priests would be enough to shake the strongest convictions in the firmest souls, if beyond the church we did not see a heaven; and above the priest—a God. And here, citizens, on the threshold of this open tomb—in the midst of this thoughtful throng which surrounds this grave, the moment has come to sound a solemn word, that may take root and spring up in every conscience.

Citizens! At this present hour, this fatal hour which will be marked in times to come, the principle of absolutism, the old principle of the past, triumphs all over Europe. It triumphs as it should triumph, by the sword, the axe, and the cord; by massacres and musketry; by tortures and the scaffold. Despotism, that Moloch surrounded by human bones, celebrates her fearful mysteries in open sunlight, under the pontificate of a Haynau, a Bonaparte, and a Radetzsky. In Hungary, the gallows; in Lombardy, the gallows; in Sicily, the gallows; in France, the guillotine, transportation and exile. In the Papal States alone, I cite the Pope, who calls himself *le roi de douceur*; in the Papal States alone, in the last three years, sixteen hundred and forty patriots (the figures are authentic) have perished by shooting or hanging, without counting the innumerable many who are buried alive in dungeons. At this moment, the continent, as in the worst periods of history, is encumbered with scaffolds and corpses; and if, when the day comes, revolution should seek to make for herself a flag of the winding-sheets of the victims, the shadow of that black flag would cover all Europe. This blood, which is flowing in streams and in torrents, all this blood, democrats, is yours.

And yet, citizens, in the presence of this *saturnalia* of murder, in the presence of these infamous tribunals where assassins sit in the robes of the judge, in the presence of all these dear and sacred corpses, in the presence of this dismal and ferocious victory of reaction; I declare solemnly in the name of the exiles of Jersey, who have given me the authority to do so; and I say it, too, in the name of all republican exiles—and not one true republican voice will contradict me—I declare before this coffin of an exile, the second one we have lowered into the grave within ten days, we the exiles, we the victims, we abjure, for the great and inevitable day of revolutionary triumph, all feeling, all desire, all idea of bloody retribution.

The guilty will be chastised; certainly—they will be; all of them and severely! this must be; but not one head shall fall; not one drop of blood, not one splash from the scaffold shall stain the spotless robe of the republic of February. The head even of the brigand of December shall be respected with honour by the progressive. The revolution will make a grander example of that man by changing his imperial purple for the jacket of the galley-slave. No, we will not retort on the scaffold by the scaffold. We repudiate the old senseless law of retaliation. The law of retaliation, like the monarchy, is a part of the past; we repudiate the past.

The death penalty, gloriously abolished by the Republic of 1848, re-established odiously by Louis Bonaparte, is abolished by us, and for ever. We have taken with us into exile the sacred doctrine of progress; we will faithfully bring it back to France. What we ask and wish of the future is justice, and not vengeance. And besides, the sight of slaves drunk with wine sufficed to give the Spartans a disgust for intemperance, so it is enough for us republicans to see kings intoxicated with blood, to have forever a horror of scaffolds.

Yes, we declare it, and we call to witness this sea which binds Jersey to France, these fields, this quiet nature around us, this England which is listening to us. The men of the revolution—whatever the Bonapartist calumniators may say—wish to re-enter France, not as exterminators, but as brothers. We call to witness our words, this holy heaven which glitters above us, shedding thoughts of peace and concord upon our hearts; we call to witness our dead brother, who lies in that grave, and who, while I speak, murmurs in his shroud, "Yes, my brothers, reject death! I have accepted it myself, I would not have it for others."

Citizens! These thoughts are in every man's mind, and I am only the interpreter of them. The day of bloody revolutions has passed; for what remains to be done, the indomitable law of progress will suffice. And moreover, let us be tranquil; everthing combats for us in the great battles we have still to fight—battles whose evident necessity does not disturb the serenity of the thinker; battles in which revolutionary energy will equal the desperation of monarchy: battles in which might, joined with right, will overthrow violence allied to usurpation: superb, glorious, enthusiastic, decisive battles, the event of which cannot be doubtful, and which will be the Tolbiacs, the Hastings, and the Austerlitzes of democracy. Citizens! the epoch of the dissolution of the old world has arrived. The law of Providence has condemned the old despotisms. Time, the shadowy grave-digger, is burying them. Each declining day plunges them deeper into nothingness. God is throwing years upon thrones as we throw spades full of earth upon a coffin.

And now, brothers, as we separate, let us shout the cry of triumph: let us shout the cry of awakening! It is near the grave that one should speak of the resurrection. Yes, indeed, the future, and impending future, I repeat it, promises to us the victory of the democratic idea in France; the future promises to us the victory of the Social idea. It promises more: it promises that in every climate, under every sun, upon every continent, in America as well as in Europe, an end shall come to oppression and to Slavery. After the hard trials we are experiencing, what we want is not only the emancipation of this or that class of men which has suffered long, the abolition of this or that right—all this we shall have, but this is not enough. What we must have and what we shall get—never doubt it—what I, for my part, from the depths of this darkness of exile contemplate with rapture is the deliverance of every nation, the enfranchisement of all mankind!—Friends—our sufferings give us a claim upon Providence. God owes us a reward. He is a faithful debtor, we shall receive it. Let us then cherish a manly faith, and make our sacrifice with gladness. Oppressed of all nations, offer up your wounds; Poles, offer your misery; Hungarians, offer your gibbet: Italians, offer your cross; heroic transported brothers of Cayenne of Africa, offer your chains; exiles, offer your proscription; and thou! O martyr, offer thy death to the liberty of the human race! VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!

THE NEW "SHAKSPEARE."

[THIRD ARTICLE—CONCLUSION.]

WE had purposed to examine in somewhat greater detail the specialites of Mr. Collier's volume, but, on looking back to the ground we have already passed over, we find that its characteristics are sufficiently indicated; and we believe we do no more than justice when we say that the continuation of the volume is quite answerable to the beginning. And now we ask any man who is familiar with Shakspeare's manner to say whether the changes we have quoted do not bear his impress, not only in mere form, but also in the inner spirit and radiance which underlies and precedes the expression. Take the single word in the first citation from the "Tempest," the substitution "I have with such *pervision* in mine art" for "*provision* in mine art," do we not feel at once that here is that subtle Shakspearean faculty at work? And another: "This shadowy desert, unfrequented wood," set aside by "These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods." Is not this in the cumulative and large-languaged style of Shakspeare, always disposed to give enough and something over? A line restored in "Love's Labours Lost," "Looking babies in her eyes his passion to declare"—have we not something in the very vein of the Sonnets? And this, in the "Merchant of Venice:"—

> "Not leaving more than the fond eye doth teach,
> Which *pries* not to th' interior, but like the martlet
> Builds in the weather," &c.,

for which we now read—"Which *prize* not th' interior"—is it not unmistakably a Shakesperian turn? In the same play:

> "I speak too long to *pause* the time
> To eke it and to draw it out at length," &c.,

Here we have a characteristic touch of the master in the change of the substantive into a verb, and in his very manner.

Two brief passages further we quote, because they illustrate another peculiarity of the Emendations, they occur in "Othello:"

"P. 580. The folios introduce a strange corruption where they convert

> And his unbookish jealousy must construe

into 'And his unbookish jealousy must *conserve*:' a correction of it is found in manuscript in the folio, 1632; but, in the last line of this page, an emendation of a singular kind is met with. Othello overhearing Cassio laugh, when Iago alludes to Bianca, imagines that Cassio is exulting over him in consequence of his success with Desdemona:

> Do you triumph, Roman? Do you triumph?

are the words put in to Othello's mouth, 'Roman,' in the old copies being spelt *Romaine*. Why should Othello call Cassio Roman? Johnson says, because the word 'triumph' brought Roman into his thoughts. This may unquestionably be so; but the manuscript corrector says that the word Roman (perhaps written without a capital letter in the copy used by the printer) has been entirely mistaken, and that we ought to read,

> Do you triumph *o'er me*? do you triumph?

It is not easy to imagine how *romaine* became *o'er me*, either by mishearing or misprinting, but certainly the allusion to a Roman triumph seems very forced in the mouth of a Moor, and the question, 'Do you triumph *o'er me?*' most fit and natural. Without confirmation, however, it might require considerable courage to insert in the text of our great poet so peculiar an emendation."

SCENE II.

"P. 598. The subsequent passage has produced discussion, arising mainly out of discordance of text in the quarto and folios. In the quarto it is—

> But, alas, to make me
> A fixed figure for the time of scorn
> To point his slow unmoving finger at.

The folios have '*The* fixed figure,' and '*slow and* moving,' but both quarto and folios 'time of scorn,' which Rowe properly changed to '*hand* of scorn," as appears by a correction in the folio 1632. Another emendation in the next line, converts 'slow and moving,' not into 'slow unmoving,' of the quarto, but into '*slowly* moving,' the text of no old copy, so the whole is there thus represented, with manifest improvement:

> But, alas! to make
> A fixed figure for the *hand* of scorn
> To point his *slowly* moving finger at."

What is there of special interest in these passages to confirm our belief of Shakspeare's participation? They simply restore the similes employed to their simplicity and keeping. In the the common text of the dramas there are various mixed figures; but such is our confidence in the judgment of Shakspeare, and in the divine harmony and justness of his genius, that we are confident wherever the true text can be ascertained, it will remove every illustration of the kind. There are too many thousand thoroughly sustained similes in Shakspeare to allow us to suppose him at any time so far off his guard as to confuse his illustrations. His mind was of so penetrative and well balanced a quality as to act at all times symmetrically. Wherever Mr. Collier's volume touches, an abuse such as that we refer to disappears, and the two passages we have set before the reader justify our conviction that we not only have the correct rendering, but that it is to Shakspeare himself we are indebted for a self-vindication of one of the prevailing gifts and excellences of his master hand.

These examples, to say nothing of the very many more which we have not cited, are enough to show that it is "Shakspeare" that we have in these emendations, and not the conjectural mechanism of the commentaters. They appear now for the first time—they are to be found in no other edition than that of 1632—they are too numerous to be the product of accident—they show a direct communication with an authentic source. What was that source? It could, as we have before alleged, have been no other than the author himself. In what way, by what procedure, is Shakespeare brought to be a party to this corrected edition of his own writings? There is, we all know, an interval of sixteen years between the death of Shakspeare and the date of this folio—1616 and 1632. How, then, is it to be supposed that Shakspeare could himself have contributed to a publication sixteen years after his own death? Many of the plays were published in the poet's lifetime; these he no doubt saw; and these we have no fair reason to doubt he must have corrected. The presumption to us appears to be that this folio of 1632 was the property of some neighbor of Shakspeare's—perhaps a retired actor or manager from the city, who resorted to Shakspeare with a view to procure a perfect copy of the plays for use at the theatre. It is not asserted that the emendations are in the handwriting of Shakspeare—that, of course, is impossible—but they may have been transferred from MSS. corrected by him. The other suppositions put forward—we say it with deference to scholarship, long experience, and practised judgment—are clearly untenable. A mere spectator could never have caught the language with sufficient distinctness, unless stage elocution was marvellously more careful and deliberate in those times than in ours, to make corrections of such nicety. A mere member of the company and the prompt-books could have been scarcely depended upon, with their own inherent errors, erasures, and corrections—to say nothing of printers' mistakes. A manager seems to have the highest claim: in command of the prompt-books, a knowledge of the stage performance, and the opportunity of a frequent hearing of each play—conditions which would account for most of the amendments. If we suppose one of this class, and with these advantages, a friend of Shakspeare's, accustomed to consult him in regard to the language and performance of the dramas; a visitor at his house at Stratford-on-Avon, or a resident for some time in that neighbourhood, we think we have the most satisfactory view which can be taken of the origin of these numerous notes and emendations. We know that the folio of 1632 came from the country, from what direction it would be interesting to know. Mr. Collier may have it in his power to suggest, or, at least, to furnish us with some hint on that important point. We shall be very happy to lie under further Shakspearian obligations to Mr. Collier. With his past labours, so noble in their spirit, so judicious, and ranging over so wide a field, the world is already acquainted. His last, if not the greatest as far as his individual share is concerned, is at least the most fortunate. By one decisive stroke, as with a Prospero wand, he has changed the whole face of the Shakespearian world—in no spirit of disparagement, but as a necessity of the case, he has discredited all past editions of the great English dramatist, and secured to himself a position so eminent and so firm, that he is not likely, in all time to come, to be dislodged therefrom.

These emendations must and will be accepted in all quarters; they are already entering into the representations of Shakspeare in this country (one of the principle theatres in this city has at so short notice, adopted the version of "Macbeth;" and a public reading of one of the plays before the Musical Fund Society will employ the emendations in "As You Like It"); and they will affect, largely and radically, all the Shakspeare property, of whatever name or kind, throughout the world, marking one of the most comprehensive literary revolutions upon record; and, by one general thrill throughout the realm of print, it is now felt how pervading is the influence of that great writer, with how many interests his sovereign intellect is associated, and with what a train of dependents he takes his circuit round the world!—*Literary World.*

THOSE FOR WHOM WE CARE NOT.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

> To those we love we pledged to-night;
> But now attend, and stare not,
> While I the ampler list recite
> Of those for whom we care not.
>
> For royal men, howe'er they frown,
> If on their fronts they bare not.
> That noblest gem which decks a crown,
> The people's love—we care not.
>
> For slavish men, who bend beneath
> A despot yoke, yet dare not
> Pronounce the will, whose very breath
> Would rend its links—we care not.
>
> For priestly men, who covet sway
> And wealth, though they declare not;
> Who point, like finger-posts, the way
> They never go—we care not.
>
> For martial men, who on their sword,
> Howe'er it conquers, wear not
> The pledges of a soldier's word,
> Redeemed and pure—we care not.
>
> For legal men, who plead for wrong,
> And, though to lies they swear not,
> Are hardly better than the throng
> Of those who *do*—we care not.
>
> For courtly men, who feed upon
> The land, like grubs, and spare not
> The smallest leaf, where they can sun
> Their crawling limbs—we care not.
>
> For wealthy men, who keep their mines
> In darkness hid and share not
> The paltry ore with him who pines
> In honest want—we care not.
>
> For prudent men, who hold the power
> Of love aloof, and bare not
> Their hearts in any guardless hour
> To beauty's shaft—we care not.
>
> For all, in short, on land or sea,
> In camp or court, who ARE not,
> Who never WERE, or e'er WILL be
> Good men and true—we care not.

ABD-EL-KADER ON HORSEBACK.

SOME curious particulars respecting Arabian horses have lately been given to the world, from no less an authoritative a source than Abd-el-Kader himself. General Daumas has published a work, entitled *Les Chevaux du Sahara*, and it contains the answers furnished by the Arab chief to a list of inquiries that had been expressly addressed to him. The Emir's letter was translated into French by M. Boissonet, its original form being scrupulously retained; and many of our readers may be gratified by the sight of an English version of the document, even if it be not likely to afford them any very great practical instruction.

November 8, 1851 *(the 28rd of Moharrem, the first month of* 1268).

Glory to the One God. His reign alone is eternal.

Health to him who equals in good qualities all the men of his time, who seeks only after good, whose heart is pure and his discourse accomplished, the wise, the intelligent Lord, General Daumas, on the part of your friend, Sid-el-Hadi Abd-el Kader, son of Mahi-Eddin.

Behold the answer to your questions.

I. You ask how many days an Arabian horse can travel without resting, and without being made to suffer too much.

Know that a horse, who is sound in all his members, who eats barley which his stomach requires, can do whatever the rider wishes him. On this subject the Arabs say *Allef ou annef*, "Give barley, and overwork." But without overworking the horse, he may be made to travel sixteen parasanges every day (a parasange is a measure of distance—originally Persian—equal to a French league and a half, or three and three-quarters English miles, as near as may be); that is the distance from Mascara to Koudiah-Aghelizan, on the Oued Mina: it has been measured in *draa* (cubits). A horse performing this distance (of sixty miles English) daily, and eating as much barley as he likes, can go on without fatigue for three, or even for four months, without resting a single day.

II. You ask what distance a horse can travel in one day.

I cannot tell you precisely; but the distance ought to be not much less than fifty parasanges (one hundred and eighty-seven miles and a half), as from Tlemcen to Mascara. We have seen a very great number of horses perform in one day the distance from Tlemcen to Mascara. Nevertheless, a horse which has completed that journey, ought to be spared the following day, and ought only to be ridden a much shorter distance. Most of our horses could go from Osran to Mascara in one day, and would perform the same journey for two or three successive days. We started from Saida towards eight in the morning (*au dohha*) in order to fall upon the Arbaa, who encamped at Aain-Toukria (among the Oulad-Aiad, near Taza), and we reached them by break of day (*fedjer*). You know the country, and are acquainted with the road which we had to traverse.

III. You ask me for instances of abstinence, in the Arabian horse, and for proofs of his power of enduring hunger and thirst.

Know that when we were stationed at the month of the Melouia, we made *razzias* in the Djebel-Amour, following the route of the Desert. On the day of attack, we pushed our horses on for a gallop of five or six hours without taking breath, completing our excursion thither and back in twenty or at most in five-and-twenty days. During this interval of time, our horses had no barley to eat, except what their riders were able to carry with them—about eight ordinary feeds. Our horses found no straw to eat, but only *alfa* and *chiehh*, or besides that, in spring-time, grass. Notwithstanding which, on returning home again, we performed our games on horseback the day of our arrival, and we shot with a certain number of them. Many which were unable to go through with this last exercise, were still in good travelling condition. Our horses went without drinking, either for one day, or for two; once, no water was to be found for three days. The horses of the Desert do much more than that; they remain about three months without eating a single grain of barley; they have no acquaintance with straw, except on the days when they go to buy corn in the Teli, and in general have nothing to eat but *alfa* and *chiehh*, and sometimes *guetof*. *Chiehh* is better than *alfa* and *guetof* is better than *chiehh*. The Arabs say, "*Alfa* makes a horse go, *chiehh* makes him fit for battle." And "*Guetof* is better than barley." Certain years occur in which the horses of the Desert go without tasting a single grain of barley during the whole twelvemonth, when the tribes have not been received in the Teli. They then sometimes give dates to their horses; this food fattens them. Their horses are then capable both of travelling and of going to battle.

IV. You ask me why, when the French do not mount their horses till they are four years old, the Arabs mount theirs at an early age.

Know that the Arabs say that horses, like men, can learn quickly only in their childhood. These are their proverbs on that subject: "The lessons of mature age disappear like birds' nests." They also say, "The young branch rises up straight again without great difficulty; but the timber tree never rises up again."

In the first year, the Arabs teach the horse to be led with the *resun*, a sort of bridle. They call him then *djeda*, and begin to bridle him and to tie him up. When he is become *teni*—that is to say, in his second year—they ride him for a mile, then two, then a parasange; and when he is turned of eighteen months old, they are not afraid of fatiguing him. When he is become *rebaa telata*—that is to say, when he enters his third year—they tie him up, cease to ride him, cover him with a good *djelale* (horse cloth), and make him fat. On this subject they say: "In the first year (*djeda*) tie him up for fear any accident should happen to him. In the second year (*teni*) ride him till his back bends. In the third year (*rebaa telata*) tie him up again. Then, if he does not suit you, sell him."

If a horse is not ridden before the third year, it is certain that he will be good-for-nothing but for running, at most, which there is no occasion for him to learn; it is his original faculty. The Arabs thus express the thought: *El djouad idjri be aaselouh*; "The *djouad* runs according to his breeding." (The noble horse has no need to be taught to run.)

V. You ask me why, if the offspring partakes more of the qualities of the male than of the female parent, the mares, notwithstanding, sell for higher prices than the horses.

The reason is this; he who purchases a mare hopes that all the while he is making use of her, he will obtain from her a numerous progeny; but he who buys a horse, derives from it no other benefit than its services for the saddle, as the Arabs never take money for the use of their horses, but lend them gratuitously.

VI. You ask whether the Arabs of the Desert keep registers to record the descent of their horses?

Know that the people of the Algerian Desert do not trouble themselves about such registers, any more than the people of Teli. The notoriety of the facts is quite sufficient; for the genealogy of the blood-horses is as universally known as that of their masters. I have heard say that some families had these written genealogies, but I am unable to quote them. But books of the kind are in the East, as I have mentioned in the little treatise which I am shortly about to address to you.

VII. You ask which of the Algerian tribes are the most celebrated for the purity of race of their horses.

Know that the horses of the Hamyan are the best horses of the Desert without exception. They have none but excellent horses, because they never employ them either for tillage or for carrying burdens. They use them only for travelling and for battle. These are the horses which are best able to bear hunger, thirst and fatigue. The horses of the Arabaa and of the Oulad-Nayl, come next after those of the Hamyan. In the Teli, the best horses in respect to purity of race, stature, and beauty of form, are those of the people of Chelif, particularly those of the Oulad-Sidi-Ben Abd-Allah (Sidi-el-Aanibi), near the Mina, and also those of the Oulad-Sidi-Hassan, a branch of the Oulad-Sidi-Dahhou, who inhabit the mountains of Mascara. The most rapid in the Hippodrome, and also of beautiful shape, are of the tribe of Flitas, of the Oulad-Cherif and the Oulad-Lekreud. The best to travel over stony ground, without being shod, are those of the tribe of Assassena, in the Yakoubia. This saying is attributed to Moulaye Ismail, the celebrated Sultan of Morocco; "May my horse have been brought up in the Maz, and led to water in the Biaz!" The Maz is a place in the country of the Assassena, and the Biaz is the brook, known by the name of Toufet, which runs through their territory. The horses of the Ouled-Khaled are also renowned for the same qualities. Sidi-Amed-Ben-Youssef has said on the subject of this tribe, "Long tresses and long *djelals* will be seen amongst you till the day of resurrection," praising thus at the same time both their women and their horses.

VIII. You tell me that people have assured you that the horses of Algeria are not Arabian horses, but Barbs.

This is an opinion which falls back again upon its authors. The people of Barbary are of Arab origin. A celebrated author has said; "The people of Barbary inhabit the Mogheb; they are all sons of Kais-Ben-Ghilan. It is also asserted that they are descended from the two great Hemiatrites tribes, the Senahdja and the Kettama, who came into the country at the time of the invasion of Ifrikech-el-Malik."

According to these two opinions, the people of Barbary are really Arabs. Moreover, historians have established the kindred of the majority of the tribes of Barbary, and their descent from the Senahdja and the Kettama. The arrival of these tribes is anterior to Islamism; the number of emigrated Arabs in the Mogheb is incalculable. When the Obeidin (the Fatemites) were masters of Egypt, immense tribes passed into Africa, and amongst others the Riahh. They spread from Kairouan to Merrakech (Marocco). It is from these tribes that are descended, in Algeria, the Dounouda, the Aiad, the Madid, the Oulad-Mad, the Galad-Jakoub Zerara, the Djendal, the Attaf, the Hamis, the Braze, the Sbeba, and many others. No one doubts that the Arabian horses have spread in the Mogheb, in the same way as the Arabian families. In the time of Ifrikech-ben-Kaif, the empire of the Arabs was all-powerful; it extended towards the west as far as the boundaries of the Mogheb, as in the time of Chamar the Hemiarite, it extended towards the east as far as China, according to the statement of Ben-Kouteiba in his book entitled *El Marif*.

It is perfectly true, that if the Algerian horses are of Arab race, many of them have fallen from their nobility, because they are only too frequently employed in tillage, in carrying burdens, and in doing other similar hard work; and also because some of the mares have been associated with asses, which never happened under the Arabs of old. So much so, that according to their ideas, it is sufficient for a horse to have trodden upon ploughed land, to diminish his value. On this subject, the following story is told:

A man was riding upon a horse of pure race. He was met by his enemy, also mounted upon a noble courser. One pursued the other, and he who gave chase was distanced by him who fled. Despairing to reach him, he then shouted out, "I ask you, in the name of God, has your horse ever worked on the land?"

"He has worked on the land, for four days."

"Very well! mine has never worked. By the head of the Prophet, I am sure of catching you."

He continued the chase. Towards the end of the day, the fugitive began to lose ground, and the pursuer to gain it. He soon succeeded in fighting with the man whom he had given up all hopes of reaching.

My father—may God receive him in mercy!—was accustomed to say, "No blessing upon our country, ever since we have changed our coursers into beasts of burden and tillage. Has not God made the horse for the race, the ox for the plough, and the camel for the transport of merchandize? There is nothing gained by changing the ways of God."

IX. You ask me, besides, for our maxims as to the manner of keeping and feeding our horses.

Know that the master of a horse gives him at first but little barley, successively increasing his ration by small quantities, and then diminishing it again a trifle, as soon as he leaves any, and continuing to supply it at that rate. The best time to give barley, is the evening. Except on the road, there is no profit in giving it in the morning. On this point, they say, "Morning barley is found again on the dunghill, evening barley in the croup." The best way of giving barley is to offer it to the horse ready saddled and girthed; as the best way of watering a horse, is to make him drink with his bridle on. On this point it is said, "The water with the bridle, and the barley with the saddle." The Arabs especially prefer these horses which are moderate eaters, provided they are not weakened by their abstinence. "Such a one," they say, "is a priceless treasure." "To give drink at sunrise, makes the horse lean: to give him drink in the evening, makes him fat: to give him drink in the middle of the day, keeps him in his present condition."

During the great heats, which last forty days (*semaime*), the Arabs give their horses drink, only every other day. It is said that this custom has the best effects. In the summer, in the autumn, and in the winter, they give an armful of straw to their horses, but the ground-work of their diet is barley, in preference to every other sort of food. On this subject the Arabs say; "If we had not seen that horses are foaled by horses, we should have said that barley produces them." They say,

> *Ghelid ou chetrih,*
> *Ou chair idjerrih—*
> "Look for a large one, and buy him,
> Barley will make him run."

They say; "Of forbidden meats, choose the lightest." That is to say, choose a light horse; the flesh of the horse is forbidden to Musselmen.

They say; "It takes many a breakage to make a good rider."

They say; "Horses of pure race have no vice."

They say; "The horse at the halter is the honour of the master."

They say; "Horses are birds which have no wings."

"For horses, nothing is distant."

They say; "Nothing is at a distance, for horses."

They say; "He who forgets the beauty of horses for the beauty of women, will never prosper."

They say; "The horse knows his rider."

The Saint Ben-el-Abbas—may God take him into favour—has also said;

> "Love horses, care for them,
> Spare no trouble for them,
> By them comes honour, by them comes beauty.
> If horses are abandoned by men.
> I make them enter into my family,
> I share with them the bread of my children,
> My wives dress them in their own veils,
> And cover themselves with their horsecloths.
> I lead them every day
> On the field of adventure,
> I fight with the bravest."

I have finished the letter which our brother and companion, the friend of all, the Commandant Sidi-Bou-Senna, will forward to you.—Health.

ABD-EL-KADER.

FRANKLIN FUND.

DR. FRANKLIN, in his will, gave to the inhabitants of the town of Boston one thousand pounds sterling, to be managed under the direction of the Selectmen, united with the ministers of the oldest Episcopalian and Presbyterian churches in that town, who are to let out the same upon interest at five per cent. per annum, to such young married artificers, under the age of twenty-five years, as have served an apprenticeship in said town, and faithfully fulfilled the duties required in their indentures, so as to obtain a good moral character from at least two respectable citizens who are willing to become their sureties in a bond for the repayment of the money.

He directs that the sum loaned to one applicant shall not exceed sixty pounds sterling, nor be less than £15, and be repaid in annual instalments of ten per cent., with annual interest at five per cent.; that the money returned to the fund should be reloaned; and, not anticipating any losses, he calculates that the £1000 would increase in the course of one hundred years to £131,000, of which he would have the managers lay out £100,000 in public works which may be judged to be of the most general utility to the inhabitants of Boston, and the remaining £31,000 he would have continued to be let out on interest, in the manner above described, for another term of one hundred years, at the end of which time he calculates the fund will be four millions sixty-one thousand pounds, of which he gives one million sixty-one thousand to the disposition of the inhabitants of the town of Boston, and three millions to the Government of the State.

The legacy was paid to the Selectmen of Boston in the year of 1791, and the first loan of £60 sterling was made to Daniel Tuttle, bricklayer, on the 3d of May, 1791. This was the usual sum loaned until 1795, when the amount was reduced to $200, and has so continued ever since. The whole number of loans has been about two hundred and seventy, of which more than two-thirds have been paid in whole or in part by sureties.

During the first twenty years after the money was received by the town, the whole amount was not at all times loaned, and a part of it lay unemployed without interest. There have been numerous losses, by the failure of the principles and sureties on the bonds, so that the Doctor's calculations of the increase of the fund have signally failed, and it is feared that his benevolent intention of benefitting young married mechanics has rarely been realized.

During the last fifteen or twenty years the applications for loans have been comparatively few, owing probably to the difficulty of obtaining sureties, and to the well-known fact that they are frequently called to make up the delinquencies of their principals. It is about sixty-two years since the first loan was made. In the first third part of that term there were 159 loans; during the second, 90, and during the third part only 21 loans.

The number of bonds supposed to be good now belonging to the fund is only six, on which is due about $800. The total amount of the fund is $54,280 55, of which $53,463 is deposited on interest, in the office of the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, and in the Savings Banks of this city.

It is estimated that in 1891, which will be 100 years from the time the bequest was made, or 38 years from the present time, the fund will accumulate to about $400 000, (say four hundred thousand dollars), predicating the rate of interest the same as it has averaged the past twenty years.

It seems that it was Dr. Franklin's opinion that the $1000 sterling would produce, at the expiration of one hundred years, one hundred and thirty-one thousand pounds sterling currency, equal to 581,640 dollars, valuing the pound sterling at par; making a difference between the Doctor's calculation and that of the Committees as to the probable result at the termination of one hundred years, $181,630.—*Boston Transcript.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

"THE custom of throwing a shoe, taken from the left foot, after persons for good luck, has been practised in Norfolk from time immemorial, not only at weddings, but on all occasions where good luck is required. Some forty years ago a cattle dealer desired his wife to 'trull her left shoe arter him,' when he started for Norwich to buy a lottery ticket. As he drove off on his errand, he looked round to see if she performed the charm, and consequently he received the shoe in his face, with such force as to black his eyes. He went and bought his ticket, which turned up a prize of £600; and his son has assured me that his father always attributed his luck to the extra dose of shoe which he got. E. G. R."—*Notes and Querries.*

—— A CORRESPONDENT of the *Gateshead Observer* offers two curious arguments in favour of carnivorousness. 1. He thinks it "more merciful" than vegetarianism, because it encourages the breeding of animals for food, thousands of which would never enjoy life were they not called into existence to be eaten. "And is it not cruel to prevent life?" 2. The writer believes in the immortality of animals; and if fewer of them were to be bred, there would be "fewer to enjoy an eternity of higher and happier exiltence in a future state of being"—an existence cheaply purchased by "a few short momentary pangs" on earth. Vegetarians, therefore (and, we may add, bachelors), are the cause of "a prevention of happiness hereafter." "We confess," observes the *Observer*, "that we are reminded by our ingenious correspondent's letter, of the story of the weaver and his wife, who, when the shuttle flew out of the loom, fell a weeping for the child which *might have been killed* IF THEY HAD HAD ONE. It almost comes to this, that the greatest glutton is the greatest philanthropist!"

—— "DURING the latter years of his life, Warren Hastings was in the habit of visiting General D'Oyley, in the New Forest; and thus he became acquainted with the Rev. W. Gilpin, vicar of Boldre, and author of 'Forest Scenery,' &c. Mr. Gilpin's custom was to receive morning visitors, who sat and enjoyed his agreeable conversation; and Warren Hastings, when staying in the neighbourhood, often resorted to the Boldre Parsonage. It happened, one Sunday, that Mr. Gilpin preached a sermon on the character of Felix, which commenced in words like these: Felix was a bad man and a bad Governor. He took away another man's wife and lived with her; and he behaved with extortion and cruelty in the provinces over which he ruled." Other particulars followed, equally in accordance with the popular charges against the late Governor-General of India, who, to the preacher's dismay, was unexpectedly discovered sitting in the D'Oyley pew. Mr. Gilpin concluded that he then saw the last of his 'great' friend. But no, not so; on the following morning Warren Hastings came with his usual pleasant manner, for a chat with the vicar, and, of course, made no allusion to the sermon. This was told me by a late valued friend, who was a nephew and curate of Mr. Gilpin; and I am not aware that the anecdote has been put on record."—*Notes and Querries.*

—— SLAVERY THE MARPLOT OF AMERICAN POLITICS.—Slavery is the Marplot of American politics—that indocile element of every combination—the unbidden, Banquo-like guest at every caucus. The silence of leading men respecting it is not less significant than would be their utterance. Their attempts to ignore the question itself, are in edifying contrast with their deference to its partisans. Abolition is to the rulers of the United States what Catholic Emancipation was to British kings and statesmen from 1800 to 1829. It has already spoiled more than one fine reputation, is breaking up successive organizations, and renders impossible an imperial policy. It is the palsy of statecraft, and the leprosy of ecclesiasticism. It rendered Kossuth an object of suspicion to one half of the States, and diminished the enthusiasm of the other half. It embitters intercourse with the people of free countries, and exposes to reproach from despotic governments. It prevents America taking her just place—a place of pride and power—among the nations of the earth, and makes her noblest children blush to own their parent. It compels the Northern States to violate the plainest dictates of humanity, and surrender the right of hospitality that belongs even to the Arab's tent. It sets the best citizens at antagonism with the executive, and makes disobedience to the law a solemn duty to the most peaceful section of the community. It limits the action of statesmen who seem born to achieve world-wide renown, to a painful balance of interests—seals up the tomb of Henry Clay with the word "compromise," and brands the majestic brow of Webster with "recreant."—*Nonconformist.*

—— THE MOTHER OF NAPOLEON.—Amongst the persons who at this period were received with kindness by the Bonaparte family, I must not forget a young and amiable French artist, Mademoiselle A——, who afterwards married a banker, established at Rome. Her name recalls to my mind a very piquant anecdote, which displays in a striking manner the Corsican and primitive manners of the Bonaparte family. This young lady had painted an excellent portrait of the Count de St. Leu. When she quitted Florence for Rome, the Count recommended her to his mother, Madame Letitia Bonaparte, who at that time resided in the latter city, at a very advanced age. Madame Letitia had amassed an immense f